Saturday Review

January 30, 1965 25¢

Irene Worth and Sir John Gielgud in Edward Albee's "Tiny Alice" (see Broadway Postscript)

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RECORDINGS

A CELLIST'S VIEW OF CONDUCTING

By Gregor Piatigorsky

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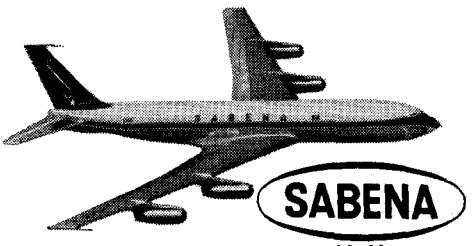

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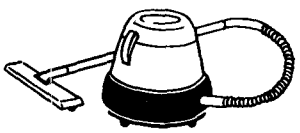
Which should you buy?

A tape recorder priced at $99.00... OR another tape recorder priced at $179.50?



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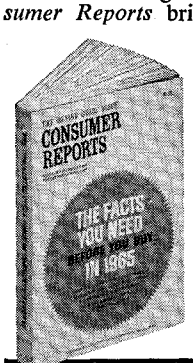

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Saturday Review

January 30, 1965

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This month you can go backstage with Anthony Newley,

up to the podium with Leonard Bernstein,

and down the wide Missouri with Lewis and Clark.

(All you need is a television set.)

Other programs of special interest in February:

Concert in Pantomime
Red Skelton and Marcel Marceau perform entirely in pantomime and feature *Pinocchio*.
Tuesday, February 2 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Preview – Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Backstage view of new Anthony Newley musical and a look behind the scenes of a Kim Novak movie.
Thursday, February 4 (10-11 PM)

FDR
Documentary series devoted to Presidential years of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. With Charlton Heston and Arthur Kennedy.
Fridays, February 5, 12, 26 (9:30-10 PM)

Prophetic Voices of the Old Testament
Part One in a series of thirteen illustrated lectures by Dr. Hagen Staack of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania.
Sunday, February 7 (1:30-2 PM)

The Twentieth Century
The Sailing Oystermen; Heartbreak Country: Italy's South; Siege at Leningrad; *The Farmer:* Feast or Famine. Walter Cronkite narrates.
Sundays, February 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 PM)

White Paper: The Oswald Case
Chet Huntley narrates investigation of President Kennedy's assassination.
Tuesday, February 9 (10-11 PM)

The Way Out Men
Documents the story of scientists at work on projects that will affect one's future.
Saturday, February 13 (8:30-9:30 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Observes 100th anniversary of Finnish composer Jean Sibelius. Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Friday, February 19 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Who Has Seen the Wind?
Drama about the United Nations, starring Maria Schell, Theodore Bikel and Edward G. Robinson.
Friday, February 19 (9:30-11 PM)

Children's Theatre: Return to Oz
Features drama based on Oz tales.
Sunday, February 21 (5:30-6:30 PM)

Cinderella
Rodgers & Hammerstein musical in a new production, with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm and Lesley Warren.
Monday, February 22 (8:30-10 PM)

I, Leonardo DaVinci
DaVinci's life story and influence on the intellectual history of the Western world. With Fredric March.
Tuesday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

Lewis and Clark
Commemorating and recreating the historic expedition of 1804-06 that opened up the Northwest.
Tuesday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

The Restless Sea
Special science program on oceanography.
Friday, February 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Inger Stevens in Sweden
The actress personally conducts viewers on a tour of her native land.
Friday, February 26 (8-9 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Mondays: CBS Reports

Tuesdays: *That Was the Week That Was*/ Telephone Hour

Wednesdays: *ABC Scope*

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/ Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/ Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Sunday/Alumni Fun/Science All-Stars/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/World War I/Profiles in Courage/Walt Disney

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
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Edited by Martin Levin

Speech for Aeneas

Dido cried at the innocent fact
that I had to leave and not come
back,
but a public official must be brave,
and dare the women and dare the
waves

because he is bound to do his duty
to be the king and burn the booty,
so, "Peace," I said. "Your Majesty,
pity the hard-hearted part of me:

a roll in the hay is good for you
but a man of gods has work to do,"
so we sailed on the earliest possible
tide
and she went and committed
suicide:

a great queen, and a swell dish,
and I'm sorry it had to end like this,
but an oecumenical society
is more important than matrimony.

—ALAN DUGAN.

As Long as You're Up, Tell Me How It's Done

I HAVE just received a letter from my English publisher bearing the glad tidings that my second novel has been accepted for publication in America. The letter is dated October 5, 1964, but postmarked November 25, 1964. Well, maybe it's a long walk from their office to the mailbox, I thought tolerantly; but then I noticed that the tardily dispatched missive had been sent by surface mail, and I had to admit the ugly truth. English publishers just don't care about their authors.

How different things are in America! As I happen to be visiting this country at the present time, I fortunately didn't have to depend on that long-delayed letter from England to learn the good news about my book. I had a long-distance phone call from the American publisher. Long distance, mark you, from New York to Providence, Rhode Island. Must have cost them all of sixty cents, which is more than an English publisher reckons to spend on one of his authors in a whole year. And that phone call was only the first of a whole series. They're always phoning up to ask for a photograph, or to suggest some small change in the text. Sometimes it's a telegram. Even my wife is impressed. And then there was a lunch at the Plaza —I took away the book of matches on the table just to prove I'm not lying when I get back to England.

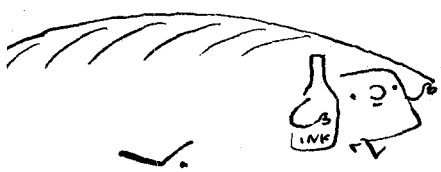
The trouble is, I feel inadequate to all this attention. Back home I pretend I'm just a university teacher (which I am, too, fortunately), and maintain a canny silence about the writing, which I do late at night with the curtains drawn. This way I enjoy a reasonable amount of respect in society. But in America, it seems, writing itself is a profession to be proud of. It needs living up to, however, and since I arrived here I've been feeling the need of a new image for myself as a writer.

Looking about for a model, I fixed on this young man in the whiskey ads—you know, the one with spectacles and a typewriter on his knees, leaning nonchalantly back in his chair and asking someone for a certain brand of Scotch. It's obvious that he's a writer, and a very successful one—I don't know if you've noticed, but he's currently vacationing at a ski resort. So that's how it's done, I thought, carefully noting his posture and style of speech.

The other evening, therefore, I moved my chair into the middle of the living room and balanced the typewriter on my knees. It's an office machine, and I found it a bit hard on the old legs, but I gritted my teeth and slipped a virgin sheet between the rollers. "Chapter One," I tapped out at the top of the page. I'm not a very good typist at the best of times, and with the machine sliding about on my knees this wasn't one of them. I carefully lowered the typewriter to the floor and went over to my desk to get another sheet.

"Chapter Obe," I managed this time. Well, that small slip could be erased and corrected. But my eraser was on the desk, too. I looked wistfully at that old-fashioned article of furniture, heaped with all the things I liked to use or fiddle with in the throes of composition: paper, pencils, sharpeners, paper clips, *Two Thousand Commonly Mispelled Words* (somehow I've never had much confidence in that book). Perhaps, I thought, I could distribute all this apparatus on the floor round my chair. But no; the bespectacled writer sat enthroned on a bare expanse of floor, except perhaps for a tiger rug under his feet.

I leaned back nonchalantly in my chair and addressed my wife, who was



fortunately passing through the room at the time.

"As long as you're up," I said, "pass me that eraser."

Absently she handed me the eraser, and passed on. Then she came back to stare.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"As long as you're still up," I said, "get me a cup of tea. Please. The pot with the cracked spout."

"You're cracked yourself," she replied unfeelingly, and left the room.

After bellowing for about five minutes, I finally coaxed her back into the room with the cup of tea.

"Bless you," I murmured.

"Shall I hold it to your lips?" she inquired ironically.

"If you would be so kind as to keep the saucer," I replied coldly, "I can manage perfectly well by myself."

But I'm damned if I could. Have *you* ever tried typing on your knees with a drink in one hand and not a table within reach to put anything on? It ended with my inadvertently pressing the tabulator key, which sent the carriage crashing into my teacup, which in turn deposited its contents all over my first paragraph.

I'm back at my old desk now. I mean, a man has to recognize his limitations. I had another look at that ad, and believe it or not, the chap is actually *smoking* as well. You've got to hand it to these American writers. Their coordination is terrific. —DAVID LODGE.

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By a Subscriber

FOR YEARS I was shy in groups, even at home. Didn't enter into conversations easily. By the time I'd collect my thoughts to venture an opinion, the group's talk would pass me by.

"A few months ago, I sent for a trial subscription to The National Observer, that wonderful new weekly put out by The Wall Street Journal people. I hoped that regular reading of such dependable and varied information would give me more self-assurance. I *hoped* for this – but didn't really expect it. To my surprise, I have discovered that The National Observer more than lives up to my desires.

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"Busy as I am, I don't get behind on my reading, for The National Observer wisely gives me all this in relatively few pages that I can manage very conveniently.

Wives love it

"And I'm not the only one who gets a lot out of The Observer. Just the other day my wife clipped an Observer item describing 12 fund-raising ideas for clubs and organizations and took it to her club's finance committee meeting. She stopped correcting our little Billy's baby talk after she read in The Observer why experts advise parents against it. She says it's the most helpful news publication she's ever read.

Teen-agers use it for school

"Not only that, our teen-age boy and girl enjoy it and use it in their school work. It's a pleasure to be able to pass along to them a paper free from sensational crimes and scandalmongering. John was impressed with the new facts brought out about auto seat belts at The Stapp Car Crash Conference. Betty was tremendously interested in what college presidents had to say about the point of a college education for women.

"The whole family has so much more in common to talk about now. Sometimes we're still lingering long after dessert, discussing whether you can eliminate poverty by passing laws, or whether carpets in the classroom are a frill or an economy.

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Many enjoyable special features

Each week, too, The National Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "The Week in Washington," for example, can be read in seven minutes or less, yet brings you up to date on significant happenings in Congress, the White House, Government agencies, the courts and politics. Similarly, "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in industry, the performance of the stock market, and other economic indicators.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." "A Chat With the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints on subjects ranging from snakebite to hiccups. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy," culled from the home-town press. ("Keep smiling! It makes everyone wonder what you've been up to.")

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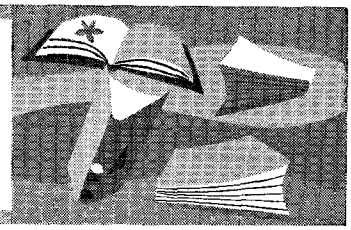
Trade Winds



According to Paul B. Lowney, two men went into a restaurant. One of them said to the waiter, "I want a glass of tea, very weak, with a piece of lemon." The other said, "I want a glass of tea, strong. No lemon, but be sure the glass is clean."

The waiter wrote it all down. He returned in a few minutes with the order and said, "Now, which one gets the clean glass?"

I've been forced to watch parts of so many old movies on television that I've discovered at least one thing they all

have in common. That's the behavior of the villain as he is being pursued by the good guy and he runs out of ammunition. It goes like this:

He's running. He stops running, turns around and points pistol at pursuer. He pulls trigger twice. It clicks. He looks at gun in disgust for split second. He then throws gun at pursuer. He turns and continues to run. He falls off cliff. Pursuer comes to edge and looks down.

This routine may vary slightly here and there, but he *always* looks at the gun in disgust and then throws it at his tormenter. (The bad guy seems to be Lyle Talbot more often than not.)

They say there are about 350 cookbooks in print. That proves not that we are gourmets but that we are very active in the writing and publishing of cookbooks. There is a continuing demand, so authors have to keep thinking of new approaches to old ingredients. Here are some I've run across lately:

Helen Worth's *Shrimp Cookery* (Citadel) offers not only 100 recipes, as you'd expect, but also a maximum of information on the shellfish itself, how it lives, laughs, and makes love. I found, for instance, that the shrimp contains a couple of dozen minerals including manganese, copper, iron, aluminum, zinc, magnesium, chromium, and lead. We should be mining the little creatures, not eating them.

Poppy Cannon's idea is that some people like to prepare fine dishes but haven't much time. *The Fast Gourmet Cookbook* (Fleet) is her solution. There's nothing in it that will take more than thirty minutes to make and serve. There is an eye-opener called Bourbon Baked Beans. Two cans of baked beans and some bourbon are the principal items and it's quite fast.

Such a violation of the baked bean would probably have met with disapproval from the great-grandmother of Beatrice Vaughan of East Thetford, Vermont, who has written a *Yankee Hill-Country Cookbook* (Stephen Greene). The gimmick here is that back in the New England hills there is gastronomy worth noting. The great-grandmother's method of deep-freezing soup certainly comes in that category. As soon as the weather was cold enough the GGM boiled down a huge kettle of meat and vegetable soup. She set it in the unheated pantry with a paddle stuck in it. When it was frozen solid, she warmed the outside just enough so the icy lump could be slid intact out of the wide-mouthed kettle. The paddle had a hole in the end, so the frozen soup could be hung from a nail on a high beam. Whenever she wanted soup, GGM

chopped off a hunk with a hatchet. (If the soup wasn't finished by the thaw, I imagine there was an awful mess in the pantry.)

A novel approach was that of Barbara Kraus. It took her four years to collect 250 dishes from 112 countries for *The Cookbook of the United Nations.* The recipes were all contributed by people from those countries. Reading them proves that anthropology can be learned from a cookbook. Politically the book is safe. There are four recipes from free China and one each from Congo, Brazzaville, and Congo, Leopoldville.

Hyman Goldberg's angle for *Our Man in the Kitchen* (Odyssey) is to tell a joke with each recipe. Goldberg, who once wrote his syndicated cooking column under the name of Prudence Penny, has come up with 255 jokes, such as:

A new stenographer had been late for four days in a row when her boss confronted her, saying, "You should have been here at 9 A.M." The girl opened her eyes in astonishment. "Why?" she asked. "What happened?" That story is then followed by *Fricasseed Chicken.*

Sharps and Flats: Bel Kaufman has written a marvelously entertaining novel about the life of a high school teacher. It's called *Up the Down Staircase* (Prentice-Hall) and it grew from a funny story of hers that appeared in *SR*'s education section last year, "From a Teacher's Wastebasket."

► The National Geographic Society reveals that Acapulco is the most fashionable place for affluent Mexicans to spend Christmas and Easter holidays. Status-seekers who cannot afford the trip disconnect their telephones at these

times in the hope that callers will assume they are at the resort.

► They are tearing down the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles. The marquee reads: "Now Playing Cleveland Wrecking Company. Show With a Bang."

► Sir Ernest Shackleton's heroic attempt to reach the South Pole in 1914-16 will be made into a motion picture adapted from Alfred Lansing's book, *Endurance.* The movie will be shot at the North Pole.

► Someone said England's trouble is in getting with it, which I can believe. I had a subscription to London's *New Statesman* and when it expired, they simply stopped sending it, without a word.

► If you hear the cry, "Gardyloo!" you'd better duck. That's what they used to call out in Edinburgh before throwing slops from the window into the street.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1607)

Peter Benchley:

TIME AND A TICKET

At thirty-three thousand feet I have to talk. It is the only pastime that keeps my mind off the fact that, through some insidious feat of legerdemain, I have been catapulted into the sky in the belly of a creature that has no right ever to leave the ground.

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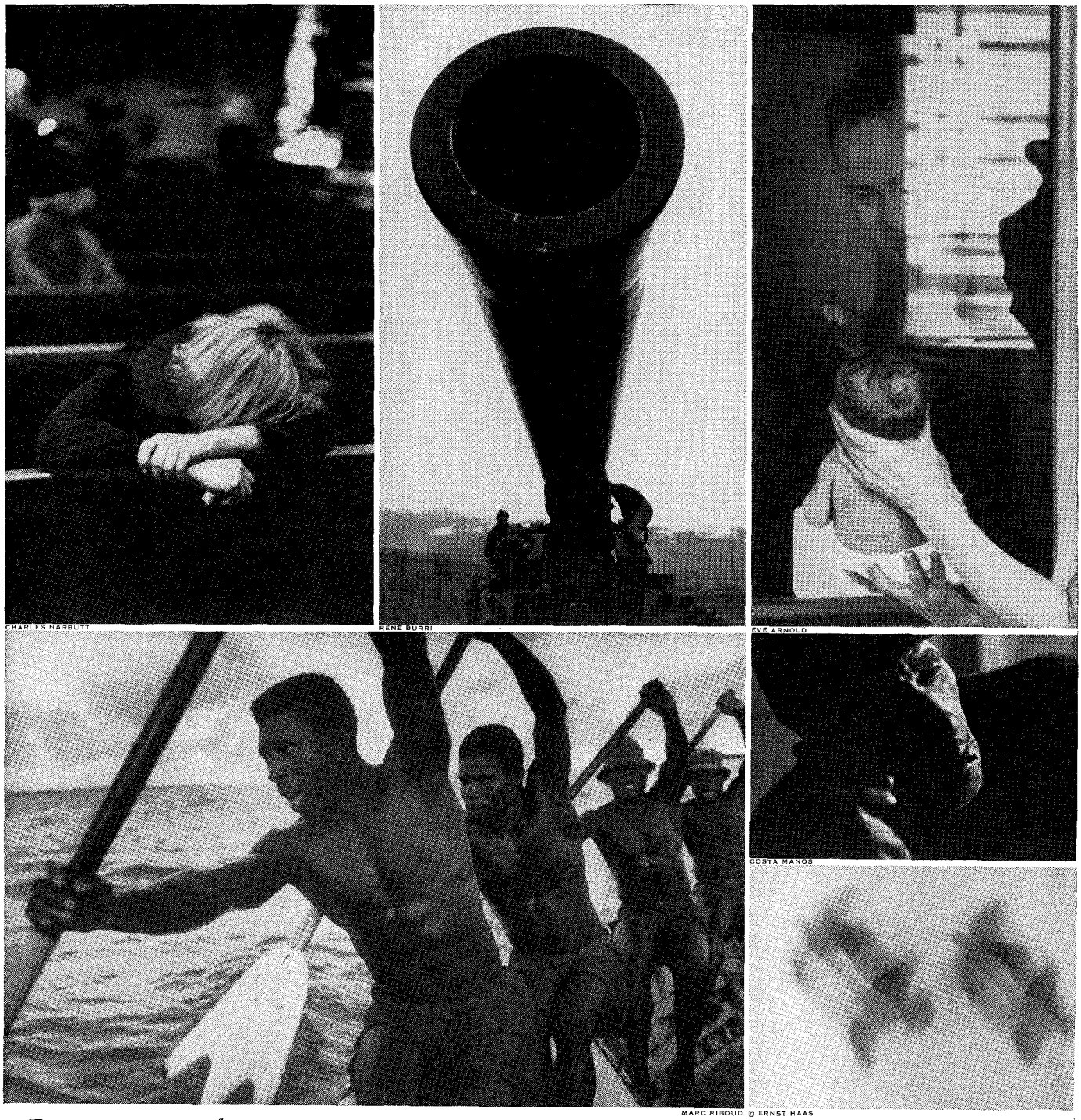

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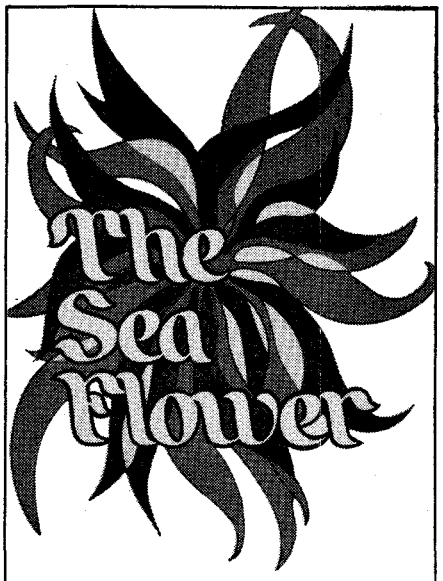

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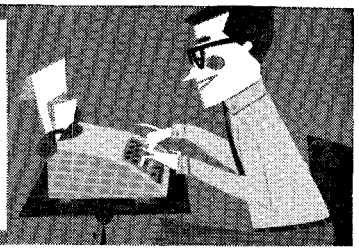
Top of My Head



Cleopatra for Another Christmas

TO JACK GOULD, television critic, the *New York Times.* Dear Jack: Is this a private argument or can anyone get into it—this debate about your criticism of the Xerox TV special *Carol for Another Christmas*? If I may, and at the expense of appearing to be neutral, I want to say I liked both the show and your perceptive review.

While watching the show I said to myself, "I'm liking this and I know I shouldn't be because Jack Gould is going to say tomorrow it was too obvious, too on the head. And sure enough you did. And of course some viewers wrote in asking if the intent of the work was not entitled to generous appreciation because the show's espousal of the United Nations was "so much more worthwhile than the average Hollywood escapist fare."

I think, sir, you have the cart before the avaricious monster. Television consumes so much creative material that the standard must, by the very nature of the business, be mediocrity. So, since television has through all these years made mediocre viewers of us all, and if a show has an important message to convey to us all, how then shall such a program reach the millions—through the satire of O. Wilde, or the cynicism of G. B. Shaw, or the verse of T. S. Eliot, or in the oblique indictment of war by the film *Dr. Strangelove*?

I suggest, Mr. Gould, that when the Western Union operator calls with a birthday message she doesn't sing it in Swahili. Though your review was most judicial and though I agree with your statement that the worst of TV should not set the level for the best because this slide-rule thinking would soon equate fair-to-middling shows with excellence, I still feel this special show, for the medium in which it was presented, merited at the very least a mixed review—its notion applauded, hats off to its sponsor's courage, and a cheer or two for the network's offer of prime time, the ratings be hanged.

And there, I suggest again, is the nub of our problem—the ratings. The Nielsen report has been raised to a high level of esteem through the newspaper headlines (your paper is no exception). These ephemeral figures are quoted on the TV pages with the publication of each Nielsen as though there were some logic to their mathematical gyrations or some substance to their method of compilation. Instead of calling a halt to this naïve and even Congressionally discredited manner of computing the cerebral capacity of viewers, the newspapers have annointed and proclaimed Mr. A. C. Nielsen the most profound and final critic of us all.

As I say, I agree with you that the program was "condescending and pretentious." At the same time it made its worthwhile point—the concept of involvement and charity and the necessity of dialogue among nations to prevent another war. I agree also with your method of asking yourself before you write a review: "What is the program trying to do and how well does it do it?" But there is also that other question: "Trying to do for whom?" I think Xerox answered that question in a statement in your paper before the show was presented, in which the spokesman for the company said, in effect, that since we have in this country a life of abundance let us make sure we have a country in which to live it.

Perhaps the fault of the show by critical standards was the employment of Joseph L. Mankiewicz as producer for the script by Rod Serling. Mr. Mankiewicz, you may recall, produced for us a sexpot *Cleopatra.* Teaming him with the usually singularly painstaking Mr. Serling is a combination of sex and the single man. Incidentally, one can understand Mr. Mankiewicz's involvement with the sex angle in *Cleopatra.* It was difficult to see where Liz and Dick left off and Mark and Cleo began when his two stars were so publicly entwined in the holy bonds of infidelity.

AT any rate, I liked your review and I liked the show. Sure it was obvious. But as I watched it I felt confident that its message was getting across to the millions of viewers whose selectivity has been so downgraded by the rating system that they accept only the obvious.

In closing may I say that I regard the *Times* as our greatest newspaper. And yet every day I find in your paper sentences explaining the obvious as if written for some time capsule: "The Democratic Congress made it difficult for President Dwight D. Eisenhower—Republican." —GOODMAN ACE.

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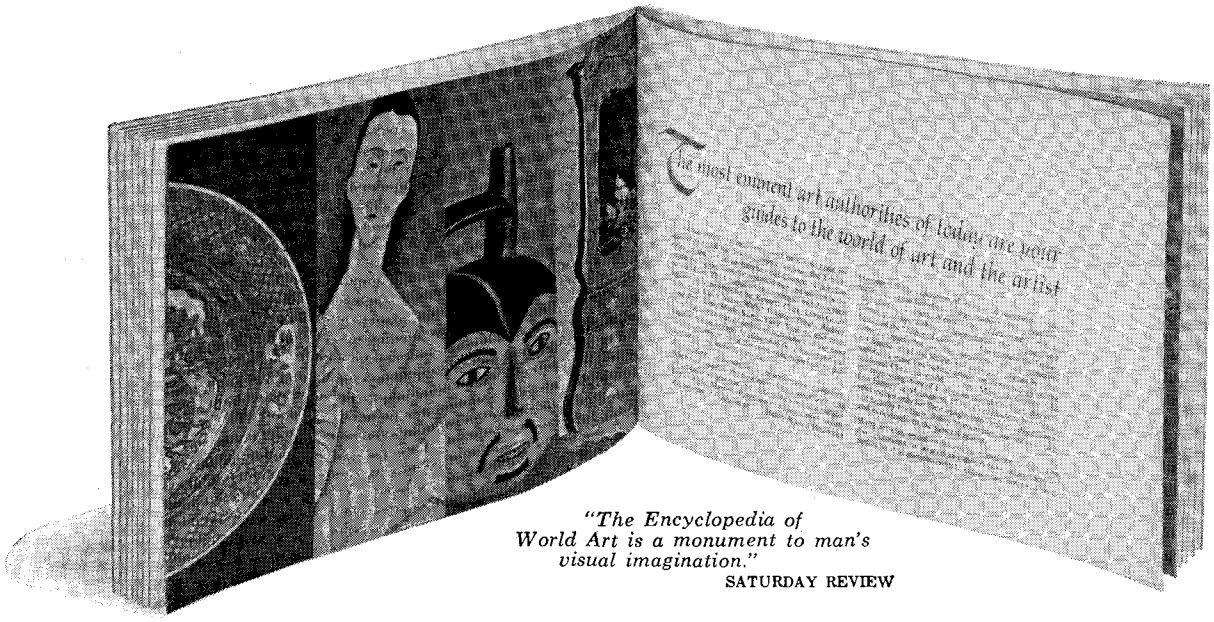

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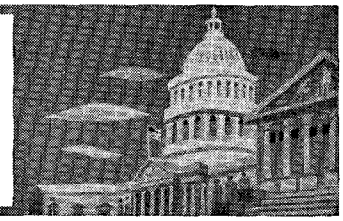
State of Affairs



Prospectus for the Great Society

THE EMOTIONAL appeal that President Johnson's State of the Union Message has evoked is not the result of its significance as a new social or political manifesto. Nor is the slogan "the Great Society" beyond being flamboyant, one that sets minds aflutter. It is not even a great new sociological concept, since about two-thirds of the ideas it is called upon to signify are an extension of programs already in existence. Nor did the delivery convey any real drama; on the contrary, it was calm to the point of blandness, mixed with occasional flourishes that touched the heart rather than the imagination.

And yet President Johnson's "Great Society" has caused real excitement and ferment. The panorama of the social needs of this country, which he has promised to infuse with new inspiration, has caught the imagination of the nation. It was joyfully applauded by Democrats and grudgingly acknowledged as commendable by the opposition, and it has created a new intellectual stimulus that makes people look toward the future with fresh anticipation.

Why did this message have such an electrifying effect? Was it simply because the President succeeded in putting fresh and promising colors on an already well-limned landscape? The reason, I think, is its timing in history. President Kennedy's own great appeal had much to do with timing. People in the United States and practically everywhere else had got tired of old leaders and they welcomed with relief the advent of an attractive, intelligent, youthful man. In President Johnson's case he has caught the moment when Americans have become weary, even disillusioned or, as he put it, "restless" with the continued accent on the global responsibilities of the United States and the burdens involved. They have come to feel that for too long now they have been playing nanny to everybody except themselves and they think the time has come not to turn isolationist, for that is an outdated concept, but to focus attention on America's internal needs.

The costs and strains of the cold war have tended for some time to delay greater attention to these overdue social improvements, and now President Johnson is taking timely advantage of the current *belle epoque* of affluence at home and relative stability abroad to do something about it. He is also acting at a moment when the historic shift from a rural to an urban society is being recognized and implemented in various state legislatures, when therefore his own new stress on urban problems is in tune with the times.

The term "Great Society" was first used by the peasants in their revolt against Richard III. President Johnson by origin and upbringing was an agrarian populist but his rural orientation began to shift in the New Deal and today he is about to become the symbol of the shift in emphasis from the agrarian to the urban. Once his great interest was the development of farm and land resources. Now he has become the man who is giving a powerful new momentum to the improvement of urban life.

The New Deal, which shaped Johnson's politics and outlook, was a response to the Depression. It was an emergency plan to cope with unemployment, the need for shelter, the entire breakdown of the American economy. The "Great Society," on the other hand, is the result of economic affluence. It deals with quality rather than quantity—though in the end it may do both. It is in many ways a response to the ferment created over the last ten years or so by many intellectuals who pointed up the deficiencies of American society: men like John Kenneth Galbraith, the historian; James B. Conant, the educator; Michael Harrington, who put the spotlight on poverty; Lewis Mumford, who campaigned for greater beauty and health in the cities—and others who helped to generate new thought and to articulate the inadequacies of contemporary American society. They pleaded for the furthering of technological progress and science, not only to build more wealth and military power but to humanize the industrial order. They brought into the open the problems of coping with bigness, whether of industry, trade unions, or government, and of how to inject more inspiration, more beauty, more decency, more security into the life of the individual.

The theme of the President's State of the Union Message is also indicative of another transition. He no longer sees the crucial sociological problems chiefly in terms of conflict between races or religions or classes or between the wealthy and the poor, but as problems concerning how to make city life tolerable, how to improve the quality of education, how to bring order into planning on the federal, state, or city level, how to promote the arts.

Inevitably, when government takes the lead—and no state or institution, really, can organize such a broad program—it is also bound to assume a greater role in American life. The pace of the program at this stage is difficult to assess: too little is known about its costs. Mr. Johnson likes what could be called the "beachhead" method. He begins with a relatively small amount, partly to allow Congress to swallow it without getting indigestion and partly to see how it will succeed as a pilot program. It is probably for these same reasons that the President has directed that any assessments of the long-term costs of programs obviously designed to reach far into the future either be kept under lock and key or simply not be attempted at all.

The President used the "beachhead" method in launching the "war against poverty" last year. He started it with a modest budget and now, in the second year, he has doubled it. It will be roughly equal to half the total foreign aid program.

HOW far the relatively short and perfunctory survey of the foreign scene, on the other hand, indicates a detachment from foreign affairs, a desire to reduce American commitments overseas, is difficult to judge. His aides have been at pains to stress that this relative brevity was due only to the President's wish not to make the message too long. But whatever the truth, the fact is that his ideas for the internal evolution of the United States occupied about eight-tenths of the speech.

However strong the President's desire for reducing the commitments of the United States may be, he is also learning how difficult it is. He seriously considered, for example, the withdrawal of one division from Korea in order to save money and manpower, but after careful examination he agreed that with so much uncertainty in the Far East, such a move could have catastrophic repercussions.

It is also understandable that at a time when the President wants to direct public attention to the internal needs of the United States, the tendency is to play down the various crises around the world. He likes to dampen these fires, while President Kennedy tended to give them drama. There are, of course, risks in this approach if the realities are concealed. But if, as is now apparently the President's intention, he will hold public press conferences more regularly and if

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he will devote more public speeches to foreign policy, then the people and the world will be getting the guidance they need.

The heavy travel program the President is planning for himself this year is an indication that he, too, is looking for guidance. The trips to Latin America, Western Europe, and possibly the Soviet Union are officially described as "political sightseeing," rather than in connection with anything to be negotiated, and they may give him new perspectives on foreign policy. What seems to guide him for the time being more than anything is perhaps the sentence in his message that the United States "will not and should not assume it is the task of Americans alone to settle all the conflicts of a torn and troubled world." The risk involved in this line of thought is that a less reliant attitude toward the U.S. may develop among the allies, and recognition of American leadership may decline along with the cohesiveness that is part of the existing balance in the world today.

THE desire to play domestic affairs *forte* and foreign policy, for the time being at least, *piano*, is understandable. The President treads firmly where he feels confident and cautiously where he is trying to feel his way. Even his "Great Society" program, once laid before the country in all its details, will seem less grandiose than it at first sounded. However pretentious it may have appeared to some, there is no harm in the President's conveying his objectives with a touch of evangelical fervor. In an unplanned society inspiration always helps. In a planned society such as that of the Soviet Union this kind of forward-looking concept is referred to matter-of-factly as the "Five-Year Plan"—though in the end it usually proves to fall very much short of its calculated objectives.

The fate of the "Great Society" program in the end will depend on how much financial backing and support it gets at various levels throughout the country. The President sooner or later will have to give up his approach of "the warm heart and the tight fist." Already, in order to keep the budget close to the $100 billion mark, he has had to slice many programs to the bone—programs that in future will have no fat left in them to squeeze out. It is then that the difficult decisions will have to be made and the nation will have to decide, if it wants the good and beautiful life, where to make the sacrifices that will accomplish it.

But this period of unparalleled affluence, with a Congress that should prove responsive to the swing of the President's baton, is the time to seek innovations and to be venturesome.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Saturday Review
January 30, 1965

THE POET AS ANTI-SPECIALIST

In a compartmentalized, overorganized, scientific age, his art can show man how to stay human

By MAY SWENSON

WHAT IS the experience of poetry? Choosing to analyze this experience for myself after an engrossment of many years, I see it based in a craving to get through the curtains of things as they *appear*, to things as they *are*, and then into the larger, wilder space of things as they *are becoming*. This ambition involves a paradox: an instinctive belief in the senses as exquisite tools for this investigation and, at the same time, a suspicion about their crudeness. They may furnish easy deceptions or partial distortions:

Hold a dandelion and look at the sun.
Two spheres are side by side.
Each has a yellow ruff.

Eye, you tell a lie,
that Near is Large, that Far is Small.
There must be other deceits . . .

W. B. Yeats called poetry "the thinking of the body" and said: "It bids us touch and taste and hear and see the world, and shrinks from . . . every abstract thing, from all that is of the brain only—from all that is not a fountain jetting from the entire hopes, memories, and sensations of the body." But sometimes one gets the inkling that there are extra-senses as yet nameless, within the apperceptive system, if one could only differentiate them and identify their organs.

Not to be fully aroused to the potentialities of one's senses means to walk the flat ground of appearances, to take given designations for granted, to accept without a second look the name or category of a thing for the thing itself. On that ground all feelings and notions are borrowed, are second-hand. The poetic experience, by contrast, is one of constant curiosity, skepticism, and testing—astonishment, disillusionment, renewed discovery, re-illumination. It amounts to a virtual compulsion to probe with the senses into the complex actuality of all things, outside and inside the self, and to determine relationships between them.

Aroused to the potentialities and delights of the senses and the evaluating intellect, and using them daily, the poet, however, comes eventually to their limits, and notices that their findings are not enough—that they often fall short of yielding the total, all-comprehensive pattern that he seeks. A complete and firm apprehension of the Whole tantalizingly eludes him—although he receives mirages of it now and then that he projects into his work. He is not so separate from every man as not to be fooled by tricks of perspective, seduced by the obvious, or bogged down in old and comfortable myths.

THE limitations of our minds and sensory equipment partly stem from the brevity of our physical lives. Stendhal somewhere says that man is like a fly born in the summer morning and dead by afternoon. How can he understand the word "night"? If he were allowed five more hours he would see and understand what night is. But unlike the fly, man is sorely conscious of the vastness of the unknown beyond his consciousness. The poet, tracing the edge of a great shadow whose outline shifts and varies, proving there is an invisible moving source of light behind, hopes (naïvely, in view of his ephemerality) to reach and touch the foot of that solid whatever-it-is that casts the shadow. If sometimes it seems he does touch it, it is only to be faced with a more distant, even less accessible mystery. Because all is movement—expansion or contraction, rotation or revolution—all is breathing change.

The experience of poetry is to suppose that there is a moon of the psyche, let us say, whose illuminated half is familiar to our ordinary eye, but which has another hemisphere that is dark. And that poetry can discover this other side, its thrust can take us toward it. Poetry is used to make maps of that globe, which to the "naked eye" appears disc-like and one-dimensional, seems to "rise" and "set" rather than to orbit; which remains distant and merely a "dead" object until, in the vehicle of poetry and with the speed of poetic light, we approach it. It then enlarges and reveals its surprising topography, becomes a world. And passing around it, our senses undergo dilation; there is a transformation of perception by means of this realization of the round.

Miniature as we are in the gigantic body of the cosmos, we have somehow an inbuilt craving to get our pincers of perception around the whole of it, to incorporate infinitude and set up comprehensible models of it within our little minds. Poetry tries to do this in its fashion. Science tries it, and more demonstrably. The impulses of the scientist and the poet, it seems to me, are parallel, although their instruments, methods, and effects are quite divergent. Contrasts between science and poetry are easily illustrated by such apparent opposites as: objective/subjective, reason/intuition, fact/essence—or let me boldly say: material/spiritual. However, a point of contiguity between them is that poet and scientist both use language to communicate their findings.

As a rule the scientific investigator works as one of a team. He works with formulae or with objective facts that are classified and reported as nakedly as possible so as to convey, in each instance, a single, specific, unambiguous

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May Swenson is the author of three books of poetry, the most recent of which is *To Mix with Time* (Scribners, 1963). This article is adapted from an address prepared for a Voice of America broadcast and appears here through special arrangement with the United States Information Agency.

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meaning. The poet works alone, handling concrete sensual particulars, as well as their invisible and intangible essences, with the tools of intuitive perception; he then presents his discoveries wrapped in metaphor, metrical patterns and, often, multifarious symbols. The scientist has an actual moon under observation—one he soon hopes to have under manipulation—although no robot or human explorer has yet succeeded in getting to it. "Until one does," I read not long ago, "scientists cannot tell whether the lunar surface is packed hard, porous, or buried deep in dust." And, "because of fuel limitations of the rockets that will orbit the moon and lower a ferryboat to the lunar surface, moon landings must be held within five degrees north and south of the moon's equator and within forty-five degrees east and west of the moon's central meridian. Within this narrow zone of safety, flat lands must be found to receive the spaceships from earth."

My moon is not in the sky, but within my psyche. More or less subliminal, it orbits within the psyche of every man, a symbol both of the always-known and the never-to-be-known. I do not try to land on that moon. To do so would be to choose lunacy. But in 1958 I wrote a poem called *Landing on the Moon,* that outlines, in its first three stanzas, a capsule history of the moon's psychic pull on man since primitive times to the present. The two concluding stanzas speculate as to whether it is well for man to succumb, literally, to that hypnotism and let himself be drawn up onto the moon:

When in the mask of night there
shone that cut,
we were riddled. A probe reached
down
and stroked some nerve in us,
the glint of a wizard's eye, of silver,
slanted out of the mask of the un-
known—
pit of riddles, the scratch-marked
sky.

When, albino bowl on cloth of jet,
it spilled its virile rays,
our eyes enlarged, our blood reared
with the waves.
We craved its secret, but unreach-
able
it held away from us, chilly and
frail.
Distance kept it magnate. Enigma
made it white.

When we learned to read it with our
rod,
reflected light revealed
a lead mirror, a bruised shield
seamed with scars and shadow-
soiled.
A half-faced sycophant, its glitter
borrowed,
rode around our throne.

On the moon there shines earth
light
as moonlight shines upon the
earth . . .
If on its obsidian we set our weight-
less foot,
and sniff no wind, and lick no rain
and feel no gauze between us and
the Fire,
will we trot its grassless skull, sick
for the homelike shade?

Naked to the earth-beam we will
be,
who have arrived to map an appari-
tion,
who walk upon the forehead of a
myth.
Can flesh rub with symbol? If our
ball
be iron, and not light, our earliest
wish
eclipses. Dare we land upon a
dream?

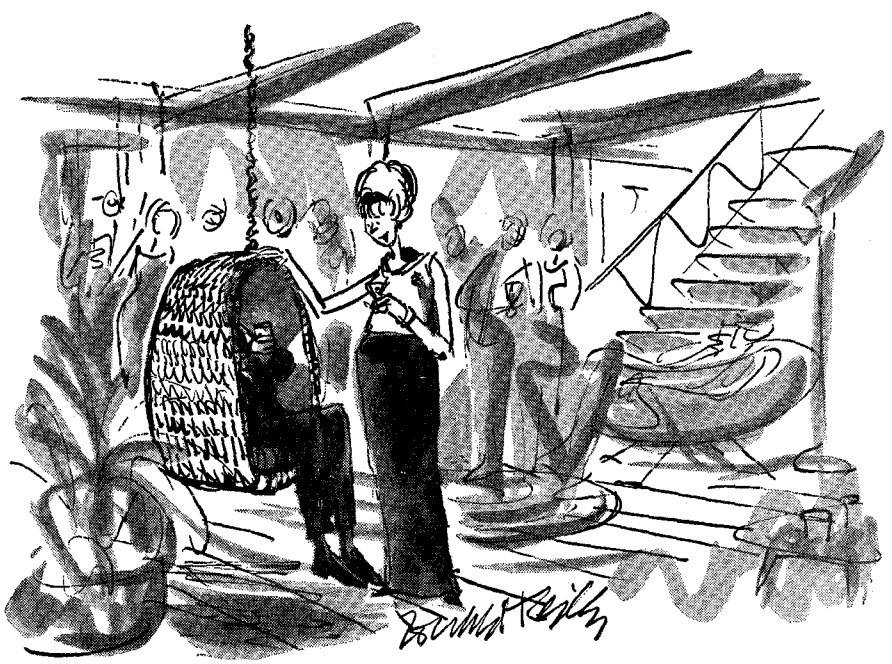
Psychologically, then physically, what will happen to man made to mount the moon? The moon being his first wobbling step in a march to the stars? Either extinction or mutation? In an eon or two, will he have become a rocket and a robot combined? Maybe. Yet, whether it is well for him or not, I think man will probably colonize the moon, eventually infiltrate the solar system, and go beyond. It may be his destiny. But he may have to pay for it with a transformation amounting to an evolutionary replacement of his species by some other creature-thing, *Homo mechanicus.*

I confess to being envious, in a way, of the astronaut. Though only in my imagination, where I can make him hero and lone adventurer. What an array of absolutely new sensations is handed him, like a Christmas paintbox; what an incomparable toy, his capsule with its console of magic dials, gauges, buttons, and signal lights; and what a knight in shining plastic he is in his silver suit. To escape the earth-ball, its tug, and one's own heaviness! To dare the great vacuum and, weightless, be tossed—a moon oneself—around the great roulette wheel with the planets! But, in actuality, could I bear that claustrophobia in a steel womb, attached to that formidable placenta by a synthetic umbilical, dependent on a mechanical nipple for my breath of air?

In space there is so little space. And who but a preconditioned, tranquilized, de-nerved, desensualized, automatically responding "test-subject" could stand for long that swaddling as in a rigid iron lung? Not only freedom of movement and of action, but freedom to think an aberrant thought or do an individual impulsive deed must be forfeited, it seems to me. Hooked to the indispensable members of his team by the paraphernalia of intercommunication, the astronaut, I imagine, must learn to forget what solitude, what privacy tastes like. His very heartbeat becomes public, his body and brain an encephalograph, a fluoroscope, a radio, a video screen. First trained to become a piece of equipment; next, perhaps, born so. (Sometimes I long to remember my life as a cephalopod under the sea, and cannot.)

But let me go back to a consideration of the poetic method and its effects, compared to the scientific.

For the poet, self is a universe, and he is embarked on a conquest of inner space. From the outside, in this acceler-



"Oh, come on out and meet people!"

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ated age, our consciousness is being bombarded with the effects of rapid change and upheaval. It's as if we could see the earth shift and change while we walk on it. Familiar space and time have hooked together and we have spacetime. Matter has split into uncountable explosive bits and become energy. On the one hand—and virtually with the same engine—man prepares to fly to the stars, while on the other he seems intent on annihilating himself along with his sole perch in the universe. There is the temptation sometimes to stuff up the "doors of perception" and regress to that long-ago world that was flat—that was static and secure, since it rested immovably on the back of a turtle! Because the poet's pre-creative condition must be an emptiness, a solitude, a stillness close to inertia. It is a condition of alert passivity, with blankness behind and before him, while he is centered within the present moment, expectant only of the vividness to come, slowly or suddenly, with the combustion of sensations and impressions gathered and stored beforehand from his active life.

The method is the opposite of analytic industry spurred by communal effort (teamwork) proceeding according to prearranged outline, operating upon the material from the outside. Rather than grasping it a piece at a time, construction-wise, the poet seats himself within his subject, at its axis, so that, equidistant from all points of its circumference, he can apprehend its potential form as an immediate whole. This is the organic technique, allowing the growth from within, from the initial seeds of attention, until, as Rilke puts it, "All space becomes a fruit around those kernels." I speak here of poetry in its conception; obviously there is an industrious and conscious work of building to be done before the body of a poem is complete.

Science and poetry are alike, or allied, it seems to me, in their largest and main target—to investigate any and all phenomena of existence beyond the flat surface of appearances. The products as well as the methods of these two processes are very different—not in their relative value—but in the particular uses that they have for their "consumers." Each has a separate role and concern toward the expansion of human consciousness and experience. Poetry has a psychic use. Along with the other arts it is a depository for, and a dispenser of, such psychic realizations as wonder, beauty, surprise, joy, awe, revelation—and, as well, fear, disgust, perplexity, anxiety, pain, despair. It provides an input and an outlet for all the complex, powerful, fleeting grains and rays of sensation in the human organism. It is a quickener of experience, and it renews the archetypes and icons necessary to the human spirit, by means of which personality is nurtured and formed.

"The world is poetical intrinsically," Aldous Huxley has written, "and what it means is simply itself. Its significance is the enormous mystery of its existence and of our awareness of its existence." Who or what are we? Why are we? And what are we becoming? What is the relationship between man and the universe? Those are questions that ached in the mind of the first poet. They can be said to have created the first poet, and to be the first source of the art of poetry. Does the fact of our consciousness, unique and seemingly miraculous among all of nature's creatures, *a priori* indicate a super-consciousness shaping and manipulating the cosmos?

How is it that with our minds we can explore our own minds? And can we develop a technique to explore Mind—that aspect of the universe we might postulate exists in addition to its mere structural organization? Maybe such a Mind is not yet in existence, but in process; maybe our nervous systems and cortexes are early evidence of its future evolution. As Huxley reports in *Literature and Science*, psychologists know a great deal, but as yet they "have no recognized hypothesis to account for the apparent interaction of mind and matter in a simple act of consciousness." Nor is there even a firm hypothesis to explain the operation of memory. But atomic physics (the most exact of the sciences) is uncovering a factual foundation for many intuitions of existentialist poets and philosophers. According to a statement by physicist Werner Heisenberg, cited by Huxley, for the first time in the history of the planet man approaches a willingness to admit that he is alone with himself "without a partner and without an adversary." This I believe to be an intuitive hunch, not only of the poet or philosopher, but of every thinking man when in moments of extremity he is forced face to face with his own soul. Huxley puts it that "man is in process of becoming his own Providence, his own Cataclysm, his own Saviour and his own invading horde of Martians." And he adds: "In the realm of pure science the same discovery—that he is alone with himself—awaits him as he progressively refines his analysis of matter." Modern science, according to Heisenberg, "shows us that we can no longer regard the building blocks of matter, which were considered originally to be the ultimate objective reality, as being things-in-themselves. . . . Knowledge of atoms and their movements in themselves—that is to say, *independent of our observation*—is no longer the aim of research; rather we now find ourselves from the very start in the midst of a dialogue between nature and man, a dialogue of which science is only one part, so much so that the conventional division of the world into subject and object, into inner world and outer world, into body and soul, is no longer applicable and raises difficulties. For the sciences of nature, the subject matter of research is no longer nature in itself, but nature subjected to human questioning, and to this extent man, once again, meets only with himself."

From reflection on a statement such as this one can almost reach the spooky conclusion that all we conceive as objective, and under examination by our sensorial and intellectual equipment, is really subjective and a projection of our own heads!

In 1665, or thereabouts, the American poet Edward Taylor wrote a remarkable poem trying to penetrate into the origin of the universe. A portion of it reads as follows:

Infinity, when all things it beheld,
In Nothing, and of Nothing all did build,
Upon what Base was fixt the Lath, wherein
He turn'd this Globe, and riggalld it so trim?
Who blew the Bellows of his Furnace Vast?
Or held the Mould wherein the world was Cast?
Who laid its Corner Stone? Or whose Command?
Where stand the Pillars upon which it stands?
Who Lac'de and Fillitted the earth so fine,
With Rivers like Green Ribbons Smaragdine?
Who made the Sea's its selvedge, and it locks
Like a Quilt Ball within a Silver Box?

(*Continued on page* 64)

"Harkness, get me my will—I feel like disinheriting somebody!"

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THE DILEMMA OF SUCCESS

By J. DONALD ADAMS

THE QUESTION is sometimes raised as to whether writers owe it to their publishers to let themselves be exploited as public characters. My own reaction is strongly in the negative. A writer who has signed a contract owes nothing to his publisher except a good book, and in most cases I think he fares better, so far as the public is concerned, if he remains something of "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

Why there is so much more interest in a writer's working habits and in his behavior when separated from his typewriter than there is in the habits and conduct of bridge builders, gynecologists, or United States Senators is a phenomenon I cannot account for, unless by the elusive link sometimes forged between writer and reader. That link is closest when the writer happens to be a columnist, for his constituency—if he deals in matters of opinion—invariably comes to claim him as friend or foe. He becomes a habit, an addiction—but, let us hope, not a sleeping pill.

Be this as it may, I know I had but one regret when I put Page Two of the *New York Times Book Review* behind me, and that was for the breaking off of twenty-one years of communication with its readers. Despite cranks, sex maniacs (one of whom adorned her letters with pornographic drawings), and those bone-pickers who write only to correct an error in fact, this relationship brought me one of the pleasantest, most stimulating, and rewarding experiences of my life. If some readers were kind enough to tell me I had widened their horizons, I could with as much truth say that they had widened mine.

My negative reaction to the question I have raised stems partly, I suppose, from my dislike of the cult of personality that has so great a vogue in our period. I think I am as much interested as the next man in the oddities and perversities of human behavior, particularly as exhibited by people in whom I am interested, but I resent some of the current manifestations of vicarious participation in other people's lives with which our mass media besiege us. They are most frequent in the field of entertainment, although even our Presidents are not immune from this prying curiosity. Is it any business of mine what Lyndon Johnson gave his wife for Christmas?

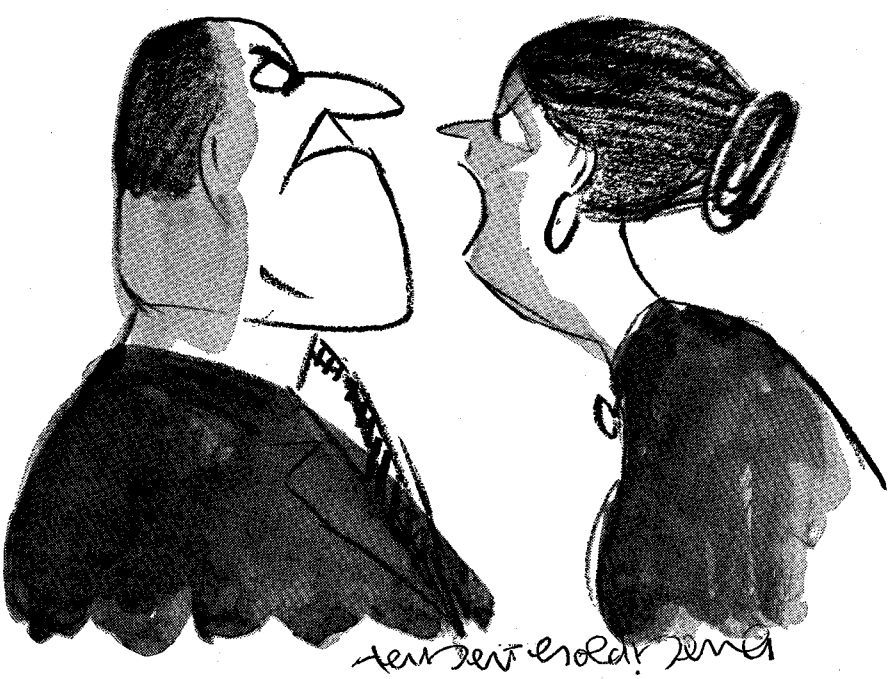
You cannot turn the pages of a popular magazine without being asked to acquaint yourself with the psychological difficulties of Jackie Gleason or the torments endured by Marilyn Monroe. In the first instance my curiosity is nil because Mr. Gleason doesn't interest me. I am more involved in the second because I had a slight acquaintance with Miss Monroe. These inquiries used to be the concern solely of the movie magazines; now they are routine for every editor of a general magazine who has built up a circulation of a million.

As yet, writers play a comparatively minor part in these public confessionals or exposures, as compared with ball players, disc jockeys, TV "personalities," singers for teen-agers, and movie stars. In this circumstance writers are exempt because many of them would rather be accused of beating their wives than be described as entertaining—irritants, yes, entertainers, never.

Entertainment's function, for too many "serious" novelists and cerebral poets, is a lowly one, fittingly performed by mystery writers and other dealers in suspense. It was all right for Homer and Chaucer and Shakespeare, Fielding and Thackeray and Dickens and Mark Twain to think of themselves as entertainers, but today's aspirant for a National Book Award must work on a loftier level. His function is to baffle his readers, lead them down the channels of futility and despair, rub their noses into wherever the filth is thickest, press upon them the company of characters we seek to avoid in actual life.

IN the course of an already long lifetime I have seen too much low life to be easily shocked; I have lived too much among men half of whose vocabulary consisted of four-letter words not to know how boring their constant repetition can be, and like every man of my time I have been made so painfully conscious of the revolting depths to which human beings can descend that no new revelation of human evil can surprise me. I am only paraphrasing Shakespeare when I suggest that this "paragon of animals" can disgust us. Alone among them, save for the ants, he makes massed warfare upon his own kind; of them all, he is the only hypocrite. Even a dog can lay down his life for a friend. Yet man is capable of extraordinary self-sacrifice; one has only to remember the Scott expedition to the Antarctic. Only when he fully realizes

(*Continued on page* 43)



"We aren't mismated! You are!"

J. Donald Adams was editor of the *New York Times Book Review* from 1925 to 1943, and a contributing editor from 1943 until his retirement last November. During the latter period he wrote the "Speaking of Books" column in the Sunday book review section. His most recent book is *The Magic and Mystery of Words.*

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Escalation in California

THE UPHEAVALS at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, subject of a special report by James Cass in the recent education section of *SR*, have taken on national significance—not just because of the size and severity of the student demonstrations but because of the light they throw on the phenomenon of breakdowns in human affairs. For the issue in California has mushroomed far beyond the original question of free speech or the propriety of on-campus political activity. The central problem at Berkeley today has to do with the sometimes terrifying and always complex art of human relationships. More particularly, the issue is not so much whether the students persisted in defying authority but whether the authorities persisted in defying the laws of human reaction and response. It appears that the administration failed to anticipate the dynamics of a showdown in which the raw use of power would be the principal ingredient.

No one can contend that the letter of the law was not on the side of the school and state authorities. The students violated a school regulation, archaic and unsound though it was. The authorities acted to punish the violators. Then ensued a grim escalation of force on both sides, the students attempting to block the normal operations of the university, and the administration bringing in the police and putting large numbers of students in jail. The fast-spiraling action and counter-action found the administration flailing about in the attempt to uphold its authority and the students reacting extravagantly to the punitive measures.

Inexorably and inevitably, there developed at Berkeley a condition akin to war, in which soldiers fight to avenge the death of buddies more than to advance an abstract cause. Each side at Berkeley seemed more intent on crushing the other than on finding ways in which the original problem could be resolved without humiliation or defeat. The administration mistakenly allowed itself to become a full antagonist in a war, marshaling all available forces, including outside police, instead of creating a new context for reasonable solution. Even the State Board of Regents seemed more intent on reaffirming its unquestioned authority than it was on invoking the kind of wisdom that could restore the University of California to its high estate in American education.

One wonders what would have happened if the administration had tried to isolate the subsurface factors in moving toward a constructive result. To what extent does the impersonality of modern higher education, with its computerized processes, tend to make for an atmosphere of disconnection and even dehumanization? Is there any significance in the fact that the original incidents began during the recent political election campaign when emotional overheating, especially in California, was not confined to students? Even a superficial recollection of the national political conventions will serve as a reminder of the ease with which otherwise reasonable people can behave like dolts—often with violent overtones. If the educational authorities made any allowance for the supercharged circumstances under which an unworkable and unsound regulation was tested, there was no sign of it as the war with the students developed—a war that should never have been allowed to occur in the first place. For if it is not unusual for students to engage in protest or shenanigans, it is equally to be expected that school authorities will know enough about student psychology to deal with the infractions without calling up the militia. Having to cope with erratic behavior is a standard item in the educator's kit of responsibilities.

FOR years now, educators have deplored the passiveness and political lethargy of the American student. Some of the educators grew up during the Thirties, when the college campus was an arena of blistering political controversy. Those were hard days but at least people found themselves forced to think. After the end of the Second World War, and with the passing of the Depression, social and political consciousness in the college tended to dwindle. Even the reality of a nuclear arms race failed to animate more than a small percentage of students. In the past year or two, however, shaken and shocked by the groundswells of the race crisis, American students have erupted into action. Not all of it is tidy or proportionate, but at least it comes under the heading of active concern.

To ascribe any significant portion of this activity to Communist manipulation, as some have done, is to look for an easy way out, missing the essential problem—and also opportunity—it poses. It is no doubt true that the extremes of both left and right are attempting to exploit vulnerable situations, but such situations exist without them and require all the wisdom and restraint of which educated men in a free society are capable. And if that wisdom is not to be found in abundant measure among those who are charged with the task of putting knowledge to work, where is one to look?

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Outmoded Term

I SHOULD LIKE to congratulate you on the excellent account of Dr. and Mrs. Paul Brand's work [*SR*, Oct. 3]. I must, however, enter a protest against the constant use of the word "leper," for by employing this term you have perpetuated in the minds of your readers a concept of leprosy from the Middle Ages.

You may believe that no one would be offended by the use of such a word, but I beg of you to realize that had this article been written in relation to mental illness and not leprosy, and the word "lunatic" had been used in the same way as you have used the word "leper," such an article would be rejected out of hand by editors of magazines. Therefore I trust you will appreciate that a similar sense of abhorrence is created in the minds of those working and specializing in the science of leprogy.

Since rehabilitation and re-entry into normal life is an important part of the therapy of mental illness, every leprosy patient should be encouraged to look upon himself as a useful member of society. If he needs hospitalization, he should expect, on his return, to be accepted into society, just as the healed tuberculosis patient is welcomed back after his period of institutional treatment is completed.

The leprosy patient deserves the homage of all people of good will because it is his willingness to place himself in the hands of research workers that has done more than anything else to advance our knowledge of leprosy, and thus bring the day nearer when leprosy will be as efficiently treated and controlled as tuberculosis is today. . . .

ROBERT G. COCHRANE, M.D.

Carville, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Cochrane is right. The term "leprosy patient" is far more dignified than "leper." We are glad to be set straight by so eminent an expert in the field of leprosy research and treatment as Dr. Cochrane. While we are on the subject, we should like to call the attention of our readers to an excellent book on the subject of leprosy —"Alone No Longer," by Stanley Stein and Lawrence Blochman.*

Lost Words

AT THE CLOSE OF the nostalgic memoir on the lost resort of Shanghai [*SR*, Jan. 2], Peggy Durdin quotes the lines:

> That was in another country.
> And besides, the wench is dead.

She ascribes them to John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, but they actually appear in the early part of Act IV of Christopher Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

Poor Marlowe! During the past year, which was *his* 400th anniversary, too, he has been shamefully neglected, while his contemporary and rival has received all kinds of birthday gifts in the form of special lectures, TV programs, and extra performances, not to mention a rash of books. At least let us give due credit here to Marlowe. Certainly the poor fellow deserves the publicity.

MRS. WILSON H. PILE.

Milton, Mass.

"Don't you have anything that just smells nice?"

A Way with Wit

MAY I OFFER the highest praise and admiration for the writer of TOP OF MY HEAD—Goodman Ace.

Wit flows out of him so naturally. He has unusual talent for satire and the double-edged remark. Every week when we receive our *SR*, my husband and I turn immediately to Mr. Ace's column. Long live Goodman Ace and all like him, who can make us understand an important point merely by making us laugh at ourselves.

MARCIE BUCKLEY.

San Diego, Calif.

Battle of the Bagels

I HAVE BEEN RETAINED by my client, George F. Bagel, to seek redress from *Saturday Review* in connection with your article and subsequent letters on the origin of the bagel. Contrary to Mr. Sutton, Professor Pepper, Professor Connors, Professor Trubnick, and Mr. Sitewell, the bagel was not invented or discovered by:

a) Bagelus of ancient Greece;
b) Bhagelramesis of ancient Egypt;
c) Abigail in Biblical lore;
d) Brasidas of ancient Mitylene.

The bagel was invented by Zhelleck P. Bagel in 1893 in New York. It was put on sale for the first time in the Rivington Street Bakery on or about February 10, 1893. A copyright on the word "bagel" was granted to Z. P. Bagel in March 1894.

My client, George F. Bagel, great-grandson of Z. P. Bagel, has asked me to obtain from you suitable retractions and acknowledgments. Because of his respect for *Saturday Review*, he would prefer not to sue you for damages, but he feels he is entitled to a public apology and retraction.

JAMES N. DAWSON,
Dawson and Davidson, Attorneys.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All respect and honor to Mr. G. F. Bagel, but the editors will stand their ground. So far as we know, a lawsuit on the origin of the bagel has never occurred before. It is something of a privilege to be involved in a new experience in human history. We can hardly wait.*

Coming of Age in L.A.

YOUR STORY and cover dealing with the Los Angeles Music Center [*SR*, Dec. 26] were a great thrill to all of us connected with the project. To be featured on your cover means that Los Angeles has really come of age culturally.

RALPH JACKSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Beethoven by Schippers and Serkin—Nilsson

EVEN ONE who knows his Beethoven by the numbers (the opus numbers, that is) would have a hard time drawing a mental focus on a work titled *Cantata on the Death of Emperor Joseph II*. The reason for this is simple. It was not only written when the titan-to-be was a tyro of twenty; it was not performed then, or in his lifetime. Indeed, it has no official opus number and has probably not been heard in New York since 1920, when it was given by the Beethoven Association. Thus it was a public benefaction for Thomas Schippers to make a place for it in his current engagement with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

What was apparent from the outset (aside from the conductor's omission of some sizable sections, and his odd choice of a Latin translation for a work whose original begins "Todt! Todt! Stöhnt es") was that Beethoven's affinity for C minor predates even the Trio of Opus 1, which has hitherto been reckoned its earliest durable expression. Instinctively, almost by what might be termed an atavistic influence, he gravitated, in this work of lamentation and deep emotion, to the C minor-E flat context in which so many of his later works of profound feeling were to be expressed.

No less expressive of the trackless "before" from which his works emerged was the substance of the writing itself. As Edward Downes noted in his program commentary, it embodies a meaningful phrase that has always seemed a stroke of mature genius when encountered in its familiar place in *Fidelio*, a decade and a half later. Here it is, however, at the beginning of the cantata and again at its peroration "Joseph is dead, Joseph the father of deathless endeavor is dead," the same stygian gloom of Florestan's dungeon, with the same beam of light in a rising melodic phrase. These are the intimations of immortality that emerge in the least expected places when the child is, truly, father to the man.

As well as earning thanks for performing the work at all, Schippers earned marks in excellence for the quality of the performance. The orchestral and the choral purposes of the composer were admirably balanced, and the solo episodes for soprano (Martina Arroyo) and bass (Justino Díaz) were skilfully interwoven into the whole. Schippers's faith in his soloists was not misplaced, for Miss Arroyo now has every bit of the assurance to make the most of her broad but focused soprano sound, and Díaz is rapidly growing up to the potentialities of his dark, appealing tone quality.

Schippers provided both unity and contrast for the little-known Beethoven work by balancing it with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. This deserves its reputation as an example of Rossini's ability to write in any style—comic, tragic, sacred, or secular—to which he was impelled. But it is a reputation that has rarely earned a performance by an orchestra of the Philharmonic's quality or so able a chorus as the Camerata Singers trained by Abraham Kaplan. Some of the conductor's contrasts of loud and soft might be termed "theatrical," and his tempo for "Cujus animam" was jaunty rather than heroic, but it was well within an arguable latitude. Schippers's choice for this time-tested aria was Tito Del Bianco, an Italian tenor previously unheard in this country. I liked the freshness and flexibility of his sound, its highly agreeable timbre and the solidly outspoken D flat he made the climax of his solo. Sometimes Del Bianco threatened to become sobby as well as throbby, but the danger point was not breached. The solo quartet was completed by Beverly Wolff, who matched her colleagues both in youth and accomplishment.

Earlier in the week Rudolf Serkin illuminated another aspect of youthful Beethoven as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in a Carnegie Hall series devoted to a tour of the composer's orchestral works. The B-flat concerto is not quite such a rarity as the *Joseph* cantata, but it comes rarely from the hands of such an artist as Serkin. He made the thoughtful choice of putting it before the C major on the same program, recognizing, thus, that it was actually the first piano concerto of Beethoven, though circumstances of the time decreed No. 1 for the C major, No. 2 for the B flat.

What was most to the point was that Serkin succeeded perfectly in devising a character for a composer who did not, as of 1795, have the same capacity to realize himself in a wordless work as he did in the cantata of five years before. Instrumentally, he was still subservient to such contemporaries as Clementi and Cramer, whom Serkin respected in his clean attack, restrained sonority, and articulated passage playing. There was, appropriately, more brio in the finale, which came along a few years later and was responsible for the delay in publication and the work's subsequent misnumbering. Unfortunately for the best-laid plans, Serkin's stylistic exposition was hampered, in the ensuing C major, by a broken piano string. But the spirit was there, as it was in Ormandy's orchestral effort.

Puccini's *Turandot* made a welcome return to the Metropolitan's repertory in mid-January, not only for the visual distinctions of Cecil Beaton's colorful decor, but because it brought a promise of Wagner and Strauss to come. That is to say, the return of Birgit Nilsson, whose vocal quality was prime, her command of Puccini's relentlessly demanding writing as effortless and compelling as ever. Rather than being the homogeneous part of a satisfying whole she was when the production was first directed by Leopold Stokowski in 1960, Miss Nilsson—through no fault of her own—was the radiant light of an otherwise clouded panorama. Jess Thomas's first Calaf was creditable to the American tenor's artistic purposes, but without the ringing vibrance or the stylistic sense to suit the circumstance. He looked well, walked well, tried hard; this is not a Puccini voice. Fausto Cleva's conducting was possibly more of a comfort for the singers than Stokowski's had been, but the electric charge his predecessor generated was conspicuously absent.

The season's last performance of Menotti's *The Last Savage* provided an opportunity for Joy Clements as Sardula (in place of Teresa Stratas) to demonstrate her talents more prominently and at greater length than in most prior roles. Her attractive presence and light but clearly audible sound were woven into a characterization that was more than a mere likeness of Miss Stratas. Miss Clements had an ingratiating quality of her own, both in singing the notes and speaking the text of the part. Robert La Marchina's musical direction gave the work a little broader base than it had before.

Renata Tebaldi's resumption of regular weekly or semi-weekly performances has had the consequences that opera enthusiasts must wish for this fine artist: a steady accretion of confidence in her newly found vocal strength, a gradual return to the refinements of phrasing and tonal gradations long associated with her. The most Tebaldi-ish performance she has given in months was her recent Tosca with Richard Tucker as Cavaradossi. There was very little of the recent lunging for top tones, and a much more even, well-adjusted production throughout. Tucker is now singing Cavaradossi better than at any time before, with the kind of youthful ardor that comes only with age. Anselmo Colzani was the Scarpia, Nello Santi the conductor.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Ancient Ways to Wisdom

OLIVER LA FARGE, who died in 1963, was a member of a distinguished family. He was descended from Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Perry, and his grandfather was John La Farge, painter and worker in stained glass and close friend of Henry Adams. Oliver La Farge attended Groton and Harvard, and at the latter institution he was president of the literary magazine, the *Advocate*, and editor of the funny magazine, the *Lampoon*, and class poet. After graduation he studied anthropology, ethnology, and archeology, and went on several field trips to Arizona and Central America. During these years he became acutely interested in the American Indians and the injustices that had been done them, and for many years he was president of the American Association on Indian Affairs. After the success of his first novel, *Laughing Boy*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1929, he turned from anthropology to literature. Most of what he wrote, both fiction and nonfiction, was concerned with the Indians of the Southwest.

During his later years La Farge wrote a number of short stories that dealt in one way or another with the lives and labors of anthropologists, and these have been brought together in *The Door in the Wall* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95). Some characters figure in more than one story, and many of the anthropologists are connected with an imaginary college, Talvert University.

La Farge shows his anthropologists out in the field, on campus, and in their private lives. The best story about an anthropologist on the job is "The Senior Assistant," in which young Wally Caswell is second in charge of a field expedition in Guatemala. La Farge evokes both the excitement of the discoverer and the caution of the scientist. He also contrasts the young purist, Wally, with the practical man, his boss, who has to be nice to possible benefactors. "Uneasily, he [Wally] pushed aside the thought that seeking funds might be an inescapable part of a selfless dedication to science, and shielded himself with the counter-thought —carefully left unreasoned, as might a bridegroom overhearing talk of someone's divorce—that this would never be for him."

Of the several stories set on the Talvert campus, some contain a mildly romantic element. "The Pot and the Cup" is, among other things, a story of a romance that was extinguished almost as soon as it was kindled. "The Timely Death of Wallace Caswell," on the other hand, works its way humorously to a happy ending. La Farge does well with academic life, bringing out the subtle intrigues and little jealousies as well as the devotion to the pursuit of knowledge. A charming story is "Journey in Remembering." A retired professor, once famous for his memory, is brought back to his museum to identify some potsherds. La Farge enters into the mind of the old man to show the stream of recollections that floods his mind as he revisits the familiar site. But he can recall nothing about the items in question, and the members of the department, most of them once his students, are saddened by the signs of senility. When he gets home, however, he is able to reconstruct the whole course of events that brought the potsherds to Talvert decades ago, and can even cite the relevant references.

La Farge is particularly concerned to show the character of a truly devoted anthropologist. (He might, of course, be writing about a scientist of any sort, or, for that matter, an artist.) There is something of that devotion in Wallace Caswell in "The Senior Assistant," which is why La Farge treats Wally's romanticism with tolerance. In the first story, "The Creation of John Manderville," we have a man who had once been a consecrated anthropologist but who was swept into a different and superficially much more attractive kind of existence by marrying a rich girl. But the vision of what he might have been haunts him, and at fifty he repudiates his wife's way of life. (What he gets in exchange is the point of the story.)

The best account of the vision of the true anthropologist is "The Real Thing." La Farge introduces a woman journalist who visits out-of-the-way places and then writes books about them. As La Farge makes clear, with unwonted malice, she is a faker, and when she encounters a true anthropologist and recognizes his devotion and his hardships, she knows she is a faker. La Farge portrays the anthropologist with skill and affection, and we are not surprised that the journalist is strongly affected by her meeting with him. She resolves to get away from fakery and cheapness, but her resolution does not last.

La Farge is concerned not only with anthropologists but also with the people

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they study. In "The Ancient Strength" an anthropologist, who tells his own story, has been employed to make researches in the hope of supporting the case of a Pueblo tribe against the government. In the end, though it would obviously be to their advantage to let him investigate a particular site, the Indians refuse to do so. To his surprise, he finds himself saying, "I think you are exactly right. I think the important thing is for you to keep everything whole." In the title story the anthropologist, after feeling that he will never be able to make contact with the natives, is suddenly allowed a glimpse of what goes on in their minds. Such glimpses, La Farge believed, were possible but rare, and he was careful never to exaggerate his own insight into the Indians with whom he had lived.

In a brief foreword William Maxwell shows La Farge as a man of remarkable integrity. He also writes, "The sound of his voice, the aura around him, is in these twelve stories." The reader knows that this must be true. The directness of La Farge's approach to his materials, his scrupulous regard for facts, the subtlety of the distinctions he makes, these are the marks of an honest writer. Although most of the stories are very good indeed, I do not regard La Farge as one of the masters of the short story. Perhaps he let himself be more restricted by his material than he needed to; it is only now and then that his imagination seems to soar. There are also some technical failures: he has, for example, two gross coincidences in "The Little Stone Man" —which are at least one too many. And yet I must add that in recent months I have found few books more enjoyable. The freshness of his material and the firmness with which he controlled it combine to give the reader a sense of life that is rich in possibilities.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1121

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1121 will be found in the next issue.

GZLDBPXQA GZP QS CP GESFYPY:

QTPV GZP GNRGVA EDNLGZ GXY

SUQPX MSXEFXMFXL.

RFNYP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1120

The secret of being a bore is to tell everything.

—Voltaire.

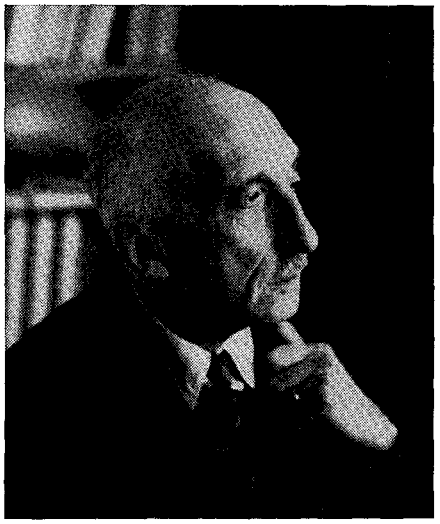
The European Literary Scene

The final verdict on many historical figures is arrived at not by objective facts, but by literature. Once in the Columbia University *Forum* (and later in Genoa's *Marcatrè*) I made the point that the decisive verdict on Sacco and Vanzetti was not passed by a New England judge, by a Massachusetts governor, or even by an academic board of review, but rather by subsequent poets, playwrights, and novelists who brazenly absolved the two anarchists of all guilt. The same verdict is now being drafted by European dramatists on behalf of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. Though I am unhappy to draw a parallel between this distinguished physicist and the two pistol-packing accused murderers, I must nevertheless point out that the tardy vindication of Dr. Oppenheimer (the Fermi Award) by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson came none too soon, for literature was already undertaking that rehabilitation.

Written by Heinar Kipphardt and staged Piscator-style, *In der Sache J. Robert Oppenheimer* has stirred audiences in Germany and Switzerland. In this drama, which inevitably recalls the theme of Duerrenmatt's lunatic *Physicists*, the scientist's understandable psychomachy after development of the A-bomb has incubated within him a revulsion against the H-bomb and leads to his real-life difficulties with the AEC. Oppenheimer himself has objected to this play: "He makes me say things I didn't say and do not believe. . . . Even in September, at the Geneva Conference, they asked me if now, knowing the results, I should again do what I did during the war: assume a major share of the responsibility of making atomic arms. I said yes." (I retranslate here from a German source.) Dr. Oppenheimer is learning the bitter truth that heroes of tragedy are always viewed through a dramatic temperament. His antagonist Dr. Teller has not apparently protested against the protest of himself in the play, perhaps remembering what Aristotle wrote on verisimilitude in tragedy: "What is plausible and impossible is preferable to what is implausible and possible." To justify his portrayal of these scientists Kipphardt could evoke Hegel's *Aesthetik*, which also permitted "relative characterization." If some reviewers like Dominique Jamet feel that Kipphardt draws an oversimplified picture of the physicist's harassment, *Die Zeit* finds that the playwright "limits his creative freedom so that the essential truth of the events becomes recognizable." *Süddeutsche Zeitung* predicts that it will become a "great international success."

A second play, *Le dossier Oppenheimer*, has been written by the seasoned Jean Vilar, who plays the title role. This drama, presented at Paris's Athénée Theater, also highlights the anguish of Oppenheimer and others at the time of the AEC inquest. After Oppenheimer himself had allegedly sent a circular letter to the major theaters of Europe disavowing Kipphardt's German version, Vilar resolved to do a "documentary" reducing to a workable French playscript a stenographic record of 193 pages. His décor is simple and his scenes divided merely by blackouts. Still, even with the so-called Living Theater, there always remains the subjectivity of choice and the stacking of details and dialogue. No partial dramatization of documentary theater—surely not that of Piscator—can attain complete objectivity. In any case, no protest over the French play is expected from Dr. Oppenheimer. Vilar sent him the final script, inviting changes and modifications. One word, one too literally translated, was changed.

François Mauriac's best-selling *De Gaulle* found French intellectuals waiting and eager to dismiss the Bordeaux novelist as a mere Bossuet extolling Louis XIV. Indeed, the hero-worship is there. Mauriac reviews all the characters he has known and even those he has invented in his fiction, only to find that when de Gaulle (never Charles de Gaulle in this book) was made the mold was shattered ("I've never known such a one!"). He is highly impressed, for ex-



—*Pix.*

François Mauriac—an apologia.

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ample, that when he met this military hero in 1944, de Gaulle talked knowledgeably to him about Gide. But Mauriac plays down the Catholic mystic or *guru* qualities of his man ("one could not be less a mystic") and stresses instead tendencies toward Machiavellism and *Realpolitik*. If *mon général* has an Achilles heel, according to this biopsy it is that his longings for grandeur on a world scale lead him to neglect the moral and educational funk in which French youth is entrapped. A second reproach is that de Gaulle has eschewed the "language of the soul" and stressed material betterment rather than adherence to traditional Christian principles and values.

It is correctly said that rather than the biography of an individualistic statesman, Mauriac has given us the apologia for his own Gaullism. In *Figaro littéraire* Maurice Schumann diagnoses this limited biographical focus in Mauriac's book: "From one end to the other of these 350 pages Mauriac stifles the question which has doubtless kept tormenting him in spite of everything: 'When you finally stop talking about yourself in the third person, Charles de Gaulle, who are you?' "

A shelfful of books on the *generalissimo*—for the most part hostile—have now appeared from the pens of J.-R. Tournoux (*Pétain et de Gaulle*), Alfred Fabre-Luce, J.-F. Revel, and Robert Aron. De Gaulle surely did not read them in advance, as he reportedly checked through the proofs of Mauriac's book aboard the *Colbert*. None aims harder to destroy his image than does Jacques Laurent's *Mauriac sous de Gaulle*, which pummels both the general and his spokesman: "Gaullism is a malady which inspires me with terror. . . . There is no Gaullist morality, no Gaullist politics, no Gaullist anything. . . ." Laurent claims that the general completely hoodwinked Mauriac, one of the most talented authors of his generation.

Of the biographers mentioned above, the most objective researcher is Robert Aron, whose *Charles de Gaulle* (Librairie Perrin) exonerates the general from the epithet of dictator, yet sees him as the victim of an "inner schism." Gaullist diplomacy, so infuriating to Washington and London, is described by Aron as "a series of Epinal images on a background of Machiavellism." Like Mauriac, Aron evokes Gide. He hopes fervently that France will not always have to reply to the question "Who is your greatest statesman?" with the Gidian phrase, "Charles de Gaulle, *hélas!*"

Even "safely dead," Bertolt Brecht never ceases to be news. The latest intelligence is that the Frankfurt publisher Suhrkamp has completed its seven volumes of Brecht's essays, *Schriften zum Theater*. The editor, Werner Hecht, has retrieved many materials from the Brecht-Archiv in East Berlin, although the Western press claims that Frau Brecht possesses a diary of the playwright to which scholars are denied access. The contents, it seems, would displease the East German régime. Not all these published texts are writings. There are transcripts of dialogues with Brecht's fellow-workers of the Berliner Ensemble, his theater "not in the service of poets, but of society." Important essays are his "Stanislavsky Studies," "Brief Organon for the Theater," and "New Theatrical Techniques." Perhaps hopeful of gaining access to withheld materials, Suhrkamp hints at the possibility of supplementary volumes in an unforeseeable future. He has also brought to completion the definitive edition of Brecht's poetry. Especially titillating to Americans will be the *Gedichte im Exil*, a querulous memento of his years in the USA. In the same volume is Brecht's versification of the second draft of the *Communist Manifesto*, conceived as part of *"Von der Natur des Menschen."*

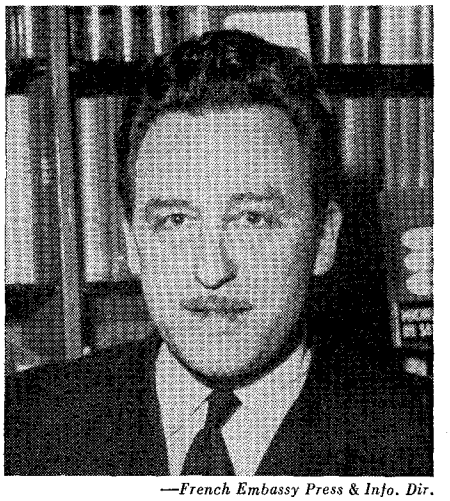
Two nuggets of surprising Brechtiana also figure in the news.

The Pocket Theater of Montmartre is staging the *Good Soldier Schweik*, but (man bites dog!) decided to reject Brecht's *Schweik in World War II*, an East Zone propaganda piece which I saw in Rome's Eliseo a few years ago and which depicts Russia crushing Nazism single-handed. Instead, the Pocket Theater chose to dramatize the original text of the riotous pacifist novel by the Czech Jaroslav Hasek.

Best of all, Germany's Günter Grass has written a play with Brecht himself as arch-hero. This stroke of genius grew out of Grass's essay in *Proofs* comparing Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* with Brecht's adaptation of it. Grass's *Coriolanus* will show Brecht rehearsing his version of Shakespeare's play with the Berliner Ensemble while the Riots of 17 June break out in the streets of East Berlin. Undaunted, *Der Chef* (Bertolt) will opportunistically call in the rebellious workers from the Stalinallee and cast them as supernumeraries in his staging of the rebellion of the overbearing Coriolanus.

When may a book reviewer speak his mind without bringing a damage suit on himself and his publisher?

Although subjected to an enfilade of criticism at its appearance, Michel de Saint-Pierre's *New Priests* (*Les nouveaux prêtres*) moved relentlessly to the No. 1 position as France's best-seller. Through his protagonist, the young priest Paul Delance, Saint-Pierre attacks the "new" worker-priests who espouse sociopolitical causes, propagandize for parties, and feel a need to share in the laborer's lot. Why engage in party strife? asks Paul. Are not all men sons of God?



—*French Embassy Press & Info. Dir.*

Michel de Saint-Pierre—a conspiracy.

Priests are not here to find the human solution, but to seek the keys to the Kingdom. Such an attitude brings Paul's parishioners back into the church, perceiving a Christ-figure in this cleric more interested in their souls than in their politics. Saint-Pierre further claims that during the documentation of his novel he heard such leftist ideas from these clerics that he dared not characterize them as they really are.

Among those whose pages contained polemics directed at the author, the weekly *Témoignage chrétien* and specifically one Abbé Michonneau accused Saint-Pierre of defamation. In turn the novelist and his publisher (La Table ronde) sued for reparations not the offending curate but Georges Montaron, publisher of the *Témoignage*. Such legal action is not surprising from a contentious novelist who defines writers as "human quarries," and who claims that "there exists throughout the world an unusual conspiracy of imbeciles and incompetents allied against all that is fecund, independent, and proud."

Small wonder that the critics are not hailing this young and litigious Catholic as the successor to Mauriac and Claudel. Instead, they are dismissing his best-seller as a journalistic diatribe, even less worthy of the scandal it has aroused than Hochhuth's *The Deputy*.

And while we are on the subject of *that* controversy, it simmers on, thanks to an anthology of opinion just published by Rowohlt, *Summa injuria, oder Durfte der Pabst schweigen?* (*Had the Pope the Right to Keep Still?*). Leading German and Austrian churchmen and scholars sound off on *The Deputy*. Although the philosopher-theologian Otto Dibelius speaks up on behalf of Pius XII, the majority of voices side with Hochhuth. A few, including the celebrated dramatist Carl Zuckmayer, whose play *The Devil's General* is known in the USA as a film with Curd (Kurt) Jurgens, even like the play as well as its thesis.

—Robert I. Clements.

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Classrooms Are for Sleeping

The Sterile Cuckoo, *by John Nichols (McKay, 210 pp. $4.50), and* ***What Can You Do?,*** *by James Leigh (Harper & Row. 248 pp. $3.95), update Betty Co-ed and Joe College. Charles Shapiro has taught undergraduates in a variety of institutions of higher learning in New York State.*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

THERE seem to be two pop college worlds we are forced to contemplate these days. On television comedy series we still have the hangover from the old Warner Brothers college musical ("Say, gang, let's give a show and use the money to pay off the college mortgage!"), wherein such collegiate types as David and Ricky Nelson frolic with their lily-white pals from lily-white fraternities and sororities on programs sponsored by milk and soft-drink concerns.

The pop college novels we have been exposed to recently have nothing to do with this antiseptic view of the campus. Their peculiar vision is of a university *cum* orgy that features bright young things reaching a loud sexual emancipation while occasionally dropping into a classroom for the sake of form. The males who populate this fiction are not "lost," they are not "beat," and they are not even decently "sick." They are, if truth must out, self-centered, self-conscious, loquacious, and dull.

Most of these academy romps are set in the first-person singular, the "I" being supposedly masculine, lubricious, and determined to be honest about himself and his playmates. These "I"s are in a state of perpetual self-analysis. Consider Jerry Payne (get the clever last name?), who is the wailing chronicler of John Nichols's *The Sterile Cuckoo,* possibly the feeblest pop college novel to date. "I carried my white banner of purity among the pigs, and, though they constantly grunted me down, I rose from each encounter flag in hand, more aloof than ever before." Jerry's adventures with a sad, semi-whimsical co-ed, Pookie Adams, form the core of the book. "Why I didn't flunk out of school between Winter Carnival and spring vacation of my sophomore year I'll never know. Because as a scholar during that time, I was dead. As a lover, however, I had just been born: my heart bloomed into a most rare and irrational flower." Jerry's heart's desire is regarded by their peers as a wild child, but this isn't really and truly so, for she has an eye for beauty. "Come and see . . . the sun is shining, and everywhere there are drifts of powdered gold as high as mountains."

Pookie also has an eye on *the important things in life.* "That's what kids are, Jerry—all heart. Big round blueberry hearts. The trouble is—the older you get, the more you grow away from your heart. Like a tree. It gets deeper and deeper inside you, more and more hidden." What fellow could resist such a girl? But all is not high philosophy between these two students. "Rather than argue, I kissed the top of her head, her forehead, the tip of her nose, and one ear . . . and, on my inspiration, we mixed up a batch of Purple Jesuses in a gallon mayonnaise jar and went to the college graveyard to have a party."

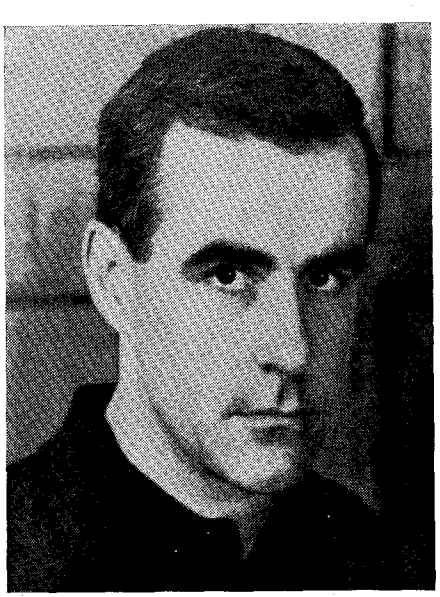
Nichols has a tin ear, at least when that ear is turned in the direction of college girls:

> "I feel like . . ." her words were blown back at me like bright leaves; "I feel like there's a great big beautiful something for *me,* and it's right on the tip of my heart waiting to explode. Like an almost-but-not-quite climax when you're positively electrified with rhythm, about to bust open big and red and glorious as a bomb, whamo! raining silver bullets of flesh over the entire world, and then when it just tickles around the detonator and doesn't go off, boy-oh-boy do you ever get frantic, know what I mean? You feel it's just got to happen . . ." She turned around and stopped, hands on her hips, legs spread defiantly.
>
> "Hallelujah!"

Pop college novels, of course, do not have to be brainless or formless. James Leigh, who can write with a vengeance, raises the genre to the necessary level of high, good humor. His narrator, Phil Fuller (another regrettable last name), is well worth listening to as he goes on his sexual rambles. Fuller retains a flippant attitude towards his assorted professors, but this is a small price to pay for a grotesque vitality that, in its private and absurd way, lampoons the very sort of book it is. Note how Leigh's hero handles the always necessary abortion bit:

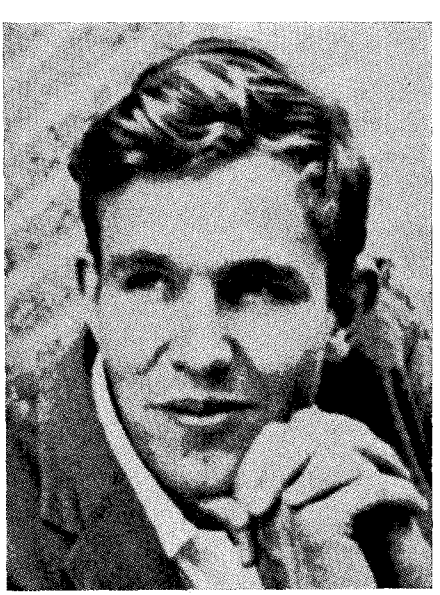
> There, so much for art. As for my little narrative, that's really all there was to it. The rest isn't worth going on about. I know that a lyrical meal of hemorrhage, death and remorse, laid upon Dr. Shurtleff's spotless examination table, would tickle the taste buds of more than a few readers, but I'm bound to report that the New Year's Day spoonwork was short, successful and dull. Debbie was morbidly quiet coming and going, except for complaining about how *awful*-looking he was, with all that hair and no chin, and how she just *knew* she was going to have nightmares about him. For my part, all I could think of on the way home was what a pirate he was: five hundred dollars for that!

Just as there were good college musicals in the good old days, so (as Leigh has proven) can we have good pop college fiction in the good new days. Along with Bernard Malamud (*A New Life*) and Herbert Kubly (*The Whistling Zone*) Leigh has transformed banalities into art.



—*Nancie Gee.*

James Leigh—untickled taste buds.



John Nichols—"I"s in analysis.

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White Lies for Dark Lives

***The Clown,** by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill. 247 pp. $5), has as its protagonist a son rebelling against opportunistic parents who have made the best of both pre- and postwar Germany. Joseph Bauke, a member of Columbia's German Department, frequently writes on modern German literature.*

By JOSEPH BAUKE

HEINRICH BOLL has not had the spectacular success of Günter Grass or Rolf Hochhuth, but his reputation as one of Germany's leading writers has grown steadily since the late Forties, when he established himself as the spokesman of the generation that fought in Hitler's battles. His anti-war novels, set in the ruins of a defeated country, kept alive the memory of Germany's recent past, and won for their author audiences in many languages and on both sides of the Iron Curtain. In the Fifties, Böll cast a critical eye at some side effects of the economic miracle, revealing the spurious nature of the forces that propelled his country to wealth.

In his new novel, *The Clown*, smoothly translated by Leila Vennewitz, Böll is angrier than ever. His vision of Germany rivals Grass's in its unrelenting search for human values in a society thriving on *ersatz*. Like Grass's puny drummer, Böll's clown is an outsider, whose personal disappointments have deepened his insight into the hypocrisies people live by. Looking for the truth he finds only pretense: of class, of faith, of morality. The little lies of every day, so scrupulously observed by the clown, amount to a violent indictment of a society.

We first meet Hans Schnier as he returns from his latest and perhaps last tour of the country. He had played his pantomimes in a state of drunkenness, and the audience was not amused. When his agent advises a period of rest, Schnier has time to take inventory of his twenty-seven years.

With even greater skill than that in *Billiards at Half-Past Nine* Böll recreates domestic life in Nazi Germany. His picture of a coal baron, who had made his peace first with Hitler and then with democracy, is terrifying in its implications. While the mine owner kept himself prosperous in both worlds, his wife was busy with committee work, be it in the service of a Germany that had to be saved from Jewish Yankees or of a group dedicated to the reconciliation of the races. Efficiency is all.

The son revolted against his family by becoming a clown and falling in love with a girl from the lower classes; she eventually leaves him to join the Establishment. Friends, family, and priests refuse to help the stranded actor, who ends up as a beggar on the steps of a railroad station—not the lowest step, as he proudly points out, but the third from the bottom. His clownish idiosyncrasies (like detecting halitosis over the telephone), his pensive self-pity, his honesty, and his warm humanity make him an unforgettable character. Salinger's Holden Caulfield could be his best friend.

Böll is a master at casting a poetic glow over the routine of daily existence, and he captures the commonplace in close-ups of unsurpassed power. The idyllic description of the clown's love for the girl contrasts starkly with the portraits of haughty prelates and phony intellectuals.

But while Böll's narrative range is great, he has not escaped the dangers of partisanship. His attacks on the Catholic Chuch, for example, are unconvincing in the mouth of a Protestant clown. They are caricature at best, and for the most part clichés. Equally bothersome is Böll's pat assumption that the rich are bad and that goodness is limited to people with little money and an interest in socialism. Fortunately, the writer triumphs over the moralist; as a result *The Clown* is an engaging and distinguished novel.

Cannibals, Coffins, and Deities

***Soul of Wood and Other Stories,** by Jakov Lind, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Grove. 190 pp. $3.95), revealing overtones of Kafka, combines mirth with the macabre. "Young Crankshaw" is the latest novel by Cecil Hemley.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

JAKOV LIND is a highly gifted writer of Austrian-Jewish extraction whose work has recently made some stir in Germany. German writers have for several years been interested in the shocking and the grotesque; Lind, strongly influenced by Kafka, is no exception.

Despite the subject matter of his stories, which includes cannibalism, death camps, mass murders, and cripples, Lind can be very funny. In "Journey Through the Night" two passengers alone in a compartment on a train heading for Paris indulge in a bizarre duel of wits. One of them, a cannibal, is intent upon eating the other and employs all of the sophistries of the modern intellectual in an effort to get his meal. In "The Window" Lind deftly satirizes the modern search for communication with an absent deity. God does appear and proves his power with one of the strangest miracles on record.

These two selections, perhaps the most successful in the book, are wonderful examples of storytelling. They move with complete freedom and make their points effortlessly. Lind is not always so inspired. A few of the stories end poorly, and several are marred by tasteless passages.

The longest piece in the volume, the title story, is really a novella and contains some of Lind's very best and very worst writing. The first third is absolutely brilliant. Hermann Wohlbrecht, a male Austrian nurse who has for years been taking care of a monstrous Jewish boy, has promised the young man's parents that he will somehow save his charge from the Nazis. The boy, born almost all head, has never spoken or walked, and can scarcely be considered the most valuable member of his race. But Wohlbrecht, an old soldier, is a man of his word.

As the story opens, the Barths, deported from Vienna, are on their way to death; their son is about to begin his journey to freedom. Wohlbrecht conceals the youth in a coffin and carries him in a wagon loaded with hay to the Austrian hills. His helper, an epileptic, is killed on the way. This episode is related with great speed in a marvelously ironic prose. But then the story suddenly shifts tone and becomes an allegory. It would almost seem that Lind, not knowing how to end the tale, began to improvise. Even so, it is well worth

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reading. Writers as talented as Jakov Lind are extremely rare; he is not yet forty and may well develop into a writer of world importance.

At the foot of Mt. Ida: Apart from Kazantzakis, who stands alone in the possession of authentic genius, the novelists and poets of modern Greece live on in an Alexandrian twilight, and there are times when even Kazantzakis merely imitates his Alexandrian ancestors. Cavafy and Seferis sing their ghostly songs addressed to ghosts. Sikelianos writes odes and tragedies which, brilliant as they are, reflect the passions of the Periclean age.

So it is with *The Sun of Death* (translated from the Greek by Albert Rick; Simon & Schuster, $4.50), by Pandelis Prevelakis, the author of a commentary on Kazantzakis's *Odyssey*. It is a good novel; the characters come alive and move about in a recognizable air, but there is always the sense of *déjà vu*. An ancient tragedy is played out in a modern setting: the village of Piyi at the foot of Mount Ida in Crete during World War I. The characters are the familiar ones: the Thirster for Blood, the Wise Countrywoman, the Councilor, the Virgin Who Dies Young, the Old Priest.

Aunt Roussaki plays the part of the Wise Countrywoman to perfection, being full of old saws that come straight out of Hesiod's *Works and Days*. "You mustn't talk when you cross water," she says, and believes that every house has its guardian snake. She talks with the animals and the stars and gives them names. And she tells the story of Demeter weeping for her lost daughter, relating it with the rich embroidery that comes naturally to a Cretan woman, reveling in Turkish and Christian overtones. She has pity for all things, even for the dung-beetles who were bakers in their former lives. Almost she is a female Zorba, thriving on adversity, impatient of sinners as though they were something that could be swept away if only men would set their minds to it. When it comes to ultimate things, she is clear-eyed for she knows them well and lives with them joyously.

The story is told by the boy Yorgakis, who comes to stay with her when his mother dies. Her own son has vanished into the wars, and soon enough it is learned that he has killed another boy from the village. The killing was in self-defense, but there is never any doubt that a blood payment will be demanded.

What could have been a simple and utterly charming evocation of childhood is spoiled by the insistent demands of the tragedian, who must paint his brooding cloud over the stage. It will be a good day for the Greeks when they pitch ancient Greece down the drain.

—ROBERT PAYNE.

Where All Paths to Peace Must Meet

Toward World Peace: Speeches and Public Statements, 1957-1963, *by U Thant, selected by Jacob Baal-Teshuva (Yoseloff. 404 pp. $7.50),* ***In Pursuit of World Order: U.S. Foreign Policy and International Organizations,*** *by Richard N. Gardner (Praeger. 263 pp. $4.95), and* ***The United States and the United Nations,*** *edited by Franz B. Gross (University of Oklahoma Press. 356 pp. $6.95), explore the prospects for a more stable international order. Philip Van Slyck is author of "Peace: The Control of National Power."*

By PHILIP VAN SLYCK

THE SPECTACLE of the nineteenth U.N. General Assembly, meeting voteless and nearly paralyzed while its members struggle to resolve the dispute over peace-keeping finances, has served as another reminder that the world community is in the midst of a prolonged constitutional crisis. The U.N. is the focal point of this crisis because it is the only nearly universal and certainly the most ambitious effort to date to blueprint an international order based on parliamentary processes, cooperation in economic and social fields, and collective enforcement of certain standards of international conduct.

What is fundamentally at stake, however, is not the U.N. as such—an essentially prototypal structure—but the enduring principles embodied in the U.N. Charter. These principles, derived from Western (especially English-speaking) political and legal traditions, are concerned with the rights of nations and of peoples: sanctity of treaties, rule of law, security from aggression, peaceful resolution of international disputes, self-government, and universal human rights. Only under principles such as these could democratic societies conceivably delegate any significant authority to an international agency without imperiling the hard-won freedom of their own people. Yet these same principles, and the authority to uphold them, have proved unacceptable so far to the Communist powers and, in practice, irrelevant or suspect to a number of emerging states, as well as some Western democracies.

This is the source of the constitutional crisis. The world has become too populous, too complex and dynamic, too interdependent, and too dangerous to treat itself as anything less than an organic community. But it lacks the ethical consensus to function as a community. The world is at war on how it should organize itself for the future, and the U.N. is one battleground of that war. Lacking any physical power beyond that lent it by its members, the U.N. cannot enforce order on a world in disorder. Indeed, it cannot succeed in its Chartered purposes unless the world community, and especially all the great powers, accept these purposes in their common interest and cooperate in upholding them.

Whether this is a real prospect for the near or even distant future depends on a variety of factors. One of the more elusive is the quality of statesmanship

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exhibited in international diplomacy, particularly in the office of the Secretary-General, which has been used increasingly in recent years for heroic guardianship of the integrity of the Charter and the Organization and as a center for quiet mediation.

Toward World Peace, the collection of U Thant's addresses and remarks, is therefore an important contribution to U.N. literature. To give a better measure of the man, the editor has wisely reprinted seventy-five pages of statements made while U Thant was Permanent Representative of Burma to the U.N., as well as numerous public statements delivered since he assumed public office, including the important introductions to the Annual Reports of 1961-62 and 1962-63. The collection reveals forcefully, and occasionally with eloquence, the Secretary-General's unshakable commitment to democratic processes, his distaste for tyranny in any form, and his faith that a peaceful international order can be attained—even with the perpetuation of the current ideological conflict—provided only that the two sides moderate their mutual hostility and accept the kind of coexistence that the world's great religions have learned to accept. Toward this end he has committed himself to impartiality in the execution of his office, while emphatically rejecting personal neutrality.

Some may quibble at times with U Thant's reading of history, but none can doubt the depth of his convictions. He is at times critical of U.S. as well as Soviet policies but, after all, it is not the function of the Secretary-General to choose sides among member governments. It is his function to encourage governments to use the Organization, rather than rockets, to settle their differences. In this role he has demonstrated considerable skill.

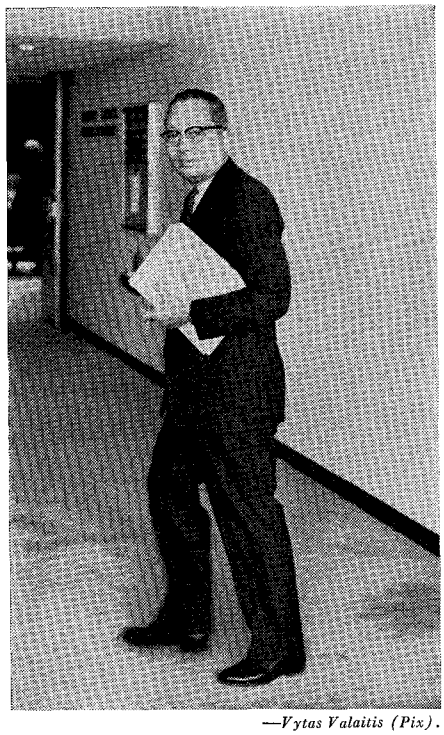
AN even more critical question is explored in the book by Richard N. Gardner and the anthology edited by Franz B. Gross: the strategies and quality of leadership exerted by the United States, both within and outside the U.N. framework, in pursuit of a more stable and politically acceptable international system.

Gardner, who is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, confines himself primarily to a review and justification of U.S. policies in the U.N. during the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. There are few references to the policies of earlier Administrations and not many recommendations for the future course of U.S. diplomacy. The book reads easily, however, and it is no doubt authoritative in its presentation of current State Department views. The section on the Cuban missile crisis and the chapters on economic issues are the most interesting and informative. The section on the Congo is less satisfying, but then Washington is still embroiled in that frustrating situation. Interestingly, Gardner concludes with a chapter on human rights, one of the most complex and controversial legal issues before the U.N., and one in which U.S. leadership has been singularly deficient. Harlan Cleveland, Gardner's superior in the State Department, has contributed a concise and excellent introduction.

GROSS, who is professor of political science in Pennsylvania Military College, has produced a remarkably unified collection of essays dealing with U.S. world-building diplomacy primarily in the context of the Cold War. It is, in short, an analysis of the ideological and power-political aspects of the world's constitutional crisis. Like any good historical study, these essays have a point of view: the "protracted conflict" theory identified with the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, whose director, Robert Strausz-Hupé, has written the theme-setting introduction. Contributors include three other FPRI associates, William R. Kintner, Norman D. Palmer, and Arthur P. Whitaker, as well as Dean Waldo Chamberlin of Dartmouth College, Harold Karan Jacobson of the University of Michigan, and Hans Kohn, professor emeritus of the City College of New York. Essay topics range through such areas as nationalism in the U.N., arms control, Afro-Asian and Latin American blocs, Western Europe, economic and social matters, and case studies of several major disputes.

This will be hard reading for those raised on more euphoric U.N. literature. In fact, the book's chief drawback may be that too few idealists will trouble to read it. That would be a pity because this is one of those rare books that attempts to deal with U.S. foreign goals and policies in terms of a coherent, long-run strategy. One may argue with many details in these proposals, but it is undeniable that over-all U.S. foreign policy frequently lacks a coherence that communicates itself clearly to the American public, to our allies, and to our adversaries. U.S. diplomacy in the U.N. is no exception.

The protracted conflict scholars have been criticized in the past on two counts: doctrinal rigidity in assessing Communist strategies and unwillingness to recognize the opportunities for Western initiative to influence and perhaps profoundly moderate those strategies. Some FPRI Kremlinologists do appear to be obsessed with a kind of reverse John Birch reading of each new party document that comes out of Moscow.



—Vytas Valaitis (Pix).

U Thant—"It is his function to encourage governments to use the Organization, rather than rockets, to settle their differences."

There is little of that in this book, however. It contains numerous constructive proposals well worth debating. The aim of the proposed strategy is to build, by many steps on a broad front, the kind of peaceful world order that has a chance of enduring—and democracy with it. This is, let us admit, a strategy for Cold War "victory," but not in the vague and shallow terms of Senator Goldwater in the last campaign. It is the kind of global victory for democratic principles envisioned by Jefferson, Wilson, and others. Among these "others" are the late President Kennedy, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Undersecretary George H. Ball, and Senator Henry M. Jackson, from whom relevant statements are reproduced in the appendices.

Too much U.N. literature tends to deal with the Organization as either a dismal failure that may be ignored or abandoned, or as the "last best hope of man on earth" that must be rescued from failure at all costs. Neither attitude leads to constructive policies. America's aims in the world were formed before there was a U.N., and they should remain constant even if the U.N. is paralyzed or collapses. The U.N. has been and hopefully will continue to be the most creative common instrument in the free world's effort to introduce into international affairs that stability, predictability, and general security that can only come from broad acceptance of common standards of conduct. In this prolonged struggle for world order, however, the U.N. cannot be a substitute for creative U.S. foreign policies.

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The Dead Sea Scandal

***The Shapira Affair,** by John Marco Allegro (Doubleday. 139 pp. $4.50), examines a nineteenth-century archeological scandal: the discovery of what was regarded by some as the oldest Biblical manuscript extant and by others as an arrant forgery. Theodor H. Gaster is a member of the Department of Religion at Columbia.*

By THEODOR H. GASTER

WHEN, in 1947, the Dead Sea Scrolls were first discovered in the caves at Qumran, many of us were at once reminded of a curious incident that fluttered the dovecotes of Biblical scholarship some sixty-odd years before. In 1883—a year when the very sun in heaven was strangely dimmed as the result of volcanic disturbances—one Moses Wilhelm Shapira, a well-known dealer in antiquities, appeared from Jerusalem almost like a meteor, and offered to the British Museum, allegedly for a cool million pounds sterling, fifteen strips of stained parchment on which were inscribed, in archaic Hebrew characters, portions of the Book of Deuteronomy (including the Ten Commandments) in a form appreciably different from that which has come down to us in the Bible and purportedly representing the original version of the text. The strips, said Shapira, had been found, wrapped in linen cloths, in a cave near the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, and he had acquired them for a song.

The discovery naturally created a sensation, and some of the parchments were put on view at the Museum, while the experts pondered their authenticity. It was not long, however, before they decided that the manuscripts were nothing but a clumsy and impudent forgery. A famous French archeologist, Charles Clermont-Ganneau, pointed out that the strips had been taken from the lower margin of a modern scroll of the Law (200 or 300 years old); their upper edges were still unfrayed, and their surface showed telltale traces of the guidelines that Jewish scribes are accustomed to draw in drypoint to regulate the columns of writing. What was more, scrolls treated in precisely this fashion had actually been acquired by the Museum, some years earlier, from Shapira himself. And if even this were not proof enough, there was the further point that the text contained words which had not in fact come into Hebrew usage until after the age of the Bible, as well as mistakes in spelling which seemed to betray a scribe accustomed to the modern East European pronunciation of the language. Within six months of this exposure, Shapira committed suicide in Rotterdam.

To this day nobody knows whether Shapira was himself the forger or (as his daughter, writing under the name of Myriam Harry, later maintained in a charming fictional account of the incident) the disillusioned dupe of somebody else. Certainly, his reputation was already somewhat dubious. Several years earlier he had sold to the Berlin Museum, for the tidy sum of 22,000 thalers, a series of alleged Moabite antiquities which Clermont-Ganneau had subsequently proved to be fakes, and the purchase of which had evoked an embarrassing debate in the Prussian *Landtag*. In London he had offered for sale nothing less spectacular than the inscribed sarcophagus of Samson, only to be told, after the briefest inspection, that Samson had apparently been unable to spell his own name correctly. For several years, too, he had been closely associated with a certain Selim al-Kari, a semiliterate painter of icons who had already been flooding the market with spurious antiques and who, in his old age, boasted to a friendly European scholar that, when the going had got too hot, he had salted away a portion of his stock in Dead Sea caves for future generations to "discover." He was likewise on friendly terms with several other notorious Arab forgers.

MR. SHARP-EYE-RA.
—*Punch (Sept. 8, 1883).*

"Showing in very fanciful portraiture how Detective Ginsburg actually did Mr. Sharp-eye-ra out of his skin."

Nobody knows what finally became of the manuscripts. Two years later, they were auctioned off at Sotheby's for twelve pounds and five shillings. The purchaser, the famous London bookseller Bernard Quaritch, offered them for sale, but who bought them and where they are now remain a mystery.

Such, in brief, is the story that John Marco Allegro now retells. The account, to be sure, adds nothing new and is, in fact, excessively padded by irrelevant romancing from Mme. Harry's volume and by extraneous descriptions of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and of the author's archeological forays into the area. Nevertheless, Mr. Allegro writes with all his accustomed verve and grace and vividly fills in the details. We catch, for instance, an intriguing glimpse of the German savants, once bitten and twice shy, chortling with academic *Schadenfreude* at the gullibility of their British colleagues clustering with bated breath around the dapper little charlatan as he unrolled the documents before them. We are made party to the fevered excitement in the Shapira household in Jerusalem as money was being spent right and left in expectation of coming riches. We witness the bizarre confrontation of the two converted Jews, Shapira and the redoubtable Christian David Ginsburg, as the latter makes his exposure. We recapture also something of Shapira's consternation when the French savant who had exposed his Moabite forgeries suddenly showed up at the British Museum; and there is an enchanting pen-picture of this scholar, barred from proper access to the documents, slowly circling for days around the showcases, a Nemesis among the curious crowds.

But Mr. Allegro is not content merely to recount an old tale. He also advances the startling view—previously adumbrated by Professor Mansoor of Wisconsin—that, in the light of what we have since learned from the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Victorian pundits may perhaps have been wrong, and the documents, after all, genuine. Suppose, he says, we give up the admittedly naïve idea that Shapira's strips are really the authentic archetype of Deuteronomy, and regard them rather as a later homiletic paraphrase, made, like documents actually found at Qumran, by a Jewish sect living on the shores of the Dead Sea in, say, the second century B.C. Given the scarcity of writing material in that area, is it not then quite plausible that the scribes would indeed have used the lower margins of such scrolls of the Law as were lying to hand? And may they not also have chosen to give an air

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of antiquity to their writing, as the scribes of Qumran certainly did on occasion, by using an archaic script? And would they not then readily have introduced words common in the vernacular of their day though foreign to the Bible? Finally, asks Mr. Allegro, why should anyone have gone to the trouble of concocting such an elaborate forgery only to sell it for a song? Does not hindsight now enable us to reach the more gratifying verdict that what really came out of that Dead Sea cave was the oldest manuscript of the Bible yet known?

Unfortunately, this part of Mr. Allegro's book is better characterized as a *tour de force* of special pleading than as a definite solution to an admittedly fascinating mystery, and it is to be feared that here once again he has sacrificed responsible scholarly judgment to his well-known penchant for sensation. The plain fact is that a question of this kind can really be decided only by inspection of the manuscript, and neither Mr. Allegro nor anyone else in our generation has ever set eyes upon it. If Mr. Allegro contends that the Victorian experts had the concrete data before them but insufficient paleographic knowledge to interpret them, it may be retorted that he, on the other hand, has the paleographic knowledge but not the concrete data, and is therefore equally vulnerable. What is more, he overlooks several salient points. In the first place, judging from the available photographs, there is in fact no similarity whatsoever between the form of archaic script used at Qumran in the second and first centuries and that found in the Shapira manuscripts. The latter is an eclectic, concocted alphabet based on seals and coins of earlier date. Secondly, to the argument that no one would have sold so elaborate a forgery for a song, it may be replied that Shapira's whole story of the purchase may have been a plain falsehood, or, alternatively, that the real forger may have been cutting his losses and unloading upon him, what he knew he could no longer palm off on scholars after the Moabite fiasco.

These demurrers apart, Mr. Allegro has written an exciting and stimulating book, which it is a joy to read. The reviewer may perhaps add a footnote to his tale. Some thirty years ago he discovered in the famous library of his father, the late Moses Gaster of London, a small strip of parchment containing a portion of the Law of Moses written in what can now be identified as Qumran script. Moses Gaster (who was blind) no longer remembered its exact provenience, but said at the time that he thought it might have something to do with the Shapira forgeries. Unfortunately, when this great library was dispersed after the war, the little document got lost in the shuffle.

He Had a Covenant to Keep

This People Israel: The Meaning of Jewish Existence, *by Leo Baeck, translated from the German by Albert H. Friedlander (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 403 pp. $9.50), describes how the Hebrews conceived the idea of God, entered into a Covenant with Him, and evolved the institutions that were part of their destiny. Cecil Roth has recently retired from the Readership in Jewish Studies at Oxford University, which he occupied for twenty-five years, and taken up residence in Jerusalem, Israel. He is the author of some thirty books, mainly on Jewish and Italian history.*

By CECIL ROTH

LEO BAECK was the nearest approach to a Hebrew prophet of old who has arisen among Western Jewry in our time. A prophet not only in his constant preaching of righteousness as the basis for his people's existence and its essential contribution to humanity, but also in the saintliness of his personal life—and of the suffering he bore so heroically. The acknowledged head of German Jewry in its time of martyrdom from 1933 onwards (although he was a Reform rabbi, and Jewish religious divisions in Germany were sharp and bitter), to the end he felt it to be his duty not to abandon his post, notwithstanding the dangers at home and the constant invitations that he received to pulpits and academic institutions across the Atlantic. As late as the summer of 1939 Baeck insisted on returning to Germany after having escorted a party of children to a safe refuge in England. He would, he said, function as rabbi so long as any Jew remained in the country to need his ministrations. Even following the outbreak of World War II in September 1939, after which there was nothing at all left to curb the Nazis, he continued with the broken remnant of his flock—teaching, preaching, and, so long as it was permitted, publishing.

At last Leo Baeck too was arrested and sent to the notorious concentration camp of Theresienstadt in Czechoslovakia. Here he became spiritual leader of a congregation ready to hand—organizing religious services, imparting instruction, and, above all, inspiring courage. (There is a well-known story how he escaped liquidation because a near-namesake, also a rabbi, had died in the

(*Continued on page* 36)

Tel Aviv and its beach on the Mediterranean—historic destiny.

—Louis Goldman (Rapho Guillumette).

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

A first-of-the-year glance ahead shows some cause for rejoicing. Not only on the part of readers but writers, too. Saul Bellow, for instance, must be a most happy fellow with a $400,000 contract from Fawcett Books for *The Adventures of Augie March,* just published, and *Herzog,* a twelvemonth away from paper covers. Fawcett also promises Douglas MacArthur's *Reminiscences,* Laura Z. Hobson's *First Papers,* and Shirley Ann Grau's *The Keepers of the House* . . . Atheneum, which has a special and unique trade publishing agreement with Harvard, Princeton, and Stanford university presses, will offer Jacques Maritain's *On the Use of Philosophy,* Jerome Bruner's *On Knowing,* and Justice Felix Frankfurter's *Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court,* which is nearly a who's who of big thinkers . . . Somewhat less substantial but equally thought-provoking is that hoyden *Candy,* the subject of a thunderous paperback squall. The venerable G. P. Putnam, which has sold some 130,000 hardcover copies of the book—Original, Uncut, Unexpurgated—had planned, in a discreet and leisurely fashion, to issue its own paperback edition of the novel in May. But meanwhile, only a few doors down Madison Avenue, Lancer Books has been busily grinding out half a million 75¢ *Candies,* claiming a legal right because the 1958 Paris edition, of which theirs is a copy, was not protected by U.S. copyright. Putnam will wait no longer and is issuing its own 95¢ paperback edition. So far the battle has only begun, and *Candy* may well turn into a sourball.

Here's a cheerful note on the new paperback *Thurber Album* (Simon & Schuster, $1.75), which the late author himself sent along to the publisher with his original manuscript for the hardcover edition: "I started work on *The Thurber Album* four years ago as a kind of summer exercise in personal memory, but before long I began writing letters to people, or calling them up to verify a name or date, and in the end I had research material weighing as much as a young St. Bernard. The book deals with my family, friends, teachers and colleagues in Columbus, Ohio, the lovely and colorful people of whom I am especially fond."

A bibliography in paperback of the works of T. S. Eliot: *Christianity and Culture* (Harvest, $1.95), *The Cocktail Party* (Harvest, $1.65), *The Confidential Clerk* (Harvest, $1.65), *The Elder Statesman* (Noonday, $1.65), *Essays on Elizabethan Drama* (Harvest, 95¢), *The Family Reunion* (Harvest, $1.45), *Murder in the Cathedral* (Harvest, $1.25), *On Poetry and Poets* (Noonday, $1.95), *The Sacred Wood* (Barnes & Noble, $1.25), *The Waste Land and Other Poems* (Harvest, 95¢).

"I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you/Which shall be the darkness of God."—"East Coker."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

During his long and prolific literary career John O'Hara has written hundreds of short stories; many of them are available in the Bantam collected O'Hara, which already fills an ample shelf. *Great Short Stories of John O'Hara* (75¢) offers selections from the 1930s, while *The Hat on the Bed* (95¢) presents recent tales. Also newly published is *Pal Joey* (50¢), that original ratfink on the make in Chicago.

One of the best collections of contemporary short stories, happily now available in paperback, is John Cheever's *The Enormous Radio and Other Stories* (Harper, $1.60), written during the 1940s and boasting such still-shining examples of the form as the haunting "Torch Song" and the wry "O City of Broken Dreams." Mr. Cheever's second novel, *The Wapshot Scandal* (Bantam, 75¢), follows *The Wapshot Chronicle,* and recounts the declining power and prestige of a Massachusetts seacoast family.

From England we welcome C. P. Snow's *The Masters* (Scribners, $1.65), which for many admirers of the "Strangers and Brothers" series remains the most brilliant in its subtle depiction of the bitter power struggle at Cambridge University; I. Compton-Burnett's brittle, wicked, and slightly grotesque *A Family and a Fortune & More Women than Men* (Essandess, $2.45), two novels that have never before appeared in this country; and Anthony Burgess's *Honey for the Bears* (Ballantine, 60¢), a cheerful and frequently hilarious account of Western black marketeers in the Soviet Union.

Overseas

A pertinent commentary on a nation much in the news is J. D. Legge's *Indonesia* (Spectrum, $1.95), which reviews that country's hostility toward Malaysia as well as Sukarno's own conflicts in his course toward "guided democracy." Spectrum's new series, "Asian Civilization," will present both ancient and modern cultures to Western readers; the first titles are *Traditional India,* edited by O. L. Chavarria-Aguilar, and *Modern China,* edited by Albert Feuerwerker ($1.95 each). The latter is especially significant; although its dozen articles are not as timely as yesterday or even yesteryear, they provide valuable insights into the problems and progress of a nation almost unknown to Westerners.

Africa in transition is sharply contrasted with an older, colonial way of life in *Markets in Africa* (Anchor, $1.95), edited by Paul Bohannan and George Dalton. Here, for any reader but especially for anthropologists and economists, is a new Africa moving from a time when the only things for natives to spend their money on was "more wives, more sheep, more beer" to an economy that offers,

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for good or ill, sewing machines, cigarettes, and movies. Still noteworthy, though written more than twenty years ago, is Joyce Cary's *The Case for African Freedom* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45), an eloquent essay on the need for education, understanding, and human rights. The author, better known as a novelist and the creator of Gully Jimson, served for many years as a civil servant in West Africa.

Art

An outstanding paperback venture has been New American Library's collaboration with UNESCO in presenting in handsome and inexpensive (95¢) format little-known aspects of world art. Happily, the subjects chosen have been highly rewarding: not merely esthetic curiosities, but significant examples of artistic creation. Among the new books are *Czechoslovakian Miniatures*, beautifully complicated examples of the golden Bohemian art of the Middle Ages; the russet-toned *Buddhist Paintings* from the murals of Ceylon; brilliantly bejeweled *Greek Mosaics*, and, from Australia, the vigorous thrust of "action-paintings" in *Art Masterpieces of the Australian Aborigines*.

Praeger's "World of Art" paperbacks ($3.95) have been doing a consistently good job in presenting ample illustrations, most of them boldly and clearly reproduced. William Gaunt's *English Painting* samples, in black-and-white and color, the most representative of British art, from the precision of Tudor portraiture through rosy-cheeked Gainsboroughs and the wild inner vision of Blake to a rather skimpy selection of contemporary nonobjective painters. Both Mortimer Wheeler's *Roman Art and Architecture* and Germain Bazin's *Baroque and Rococo Art* are more self-contained studies. The former tries to restore to Rome some past glories usually attributed to the Greeks. In the latter all aspects of European art in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from jewelry to sculpture, are energetically pursued. The illustrations are uniformly excellent.

Not all the worthy art books are illustrated. In fact, one of the most valuable is a collection of ten essays, *Modern Artists on Art* (Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Robert L. Herbert. Not much of this is new; but the statements of Le Corbusier, Klee, Beckmann, and Kandinsky ("The creation of art is the creation of the world"), and other articulate artists are worth having on anyone's bookshelf.

Art in East and West (Beacon, $1.95), by Benjamin Rowland, Jr., rather special in theme but interesting in its comparisons (Audubon's parakeets and Oriental bird paintings, portraits of a Medici nobleman and an Indian prince), underlines the similarities and startling differences between cultures.

Classical World

Before embarking on a discussion of specific examples of Roman prose and poetry, we first recommend the weighty and comprehensive *Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age* (Barnes & Noble, $3.95), by J. Wright Duff, edited by the scholar's son, A. M. Duff. This newly published book, a companion volume to *A Literary History of Rome from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age*, reviews the works of Petronius, Seneca, and Pliny down to the glories of Hadrian's reign. During this "Silver Age" lived two of Rome's most sophisticated poets, Horace and Ovid. Jacques Perret's *Horace* (New York University Press, $1.95) appraises the poems and provides as well a straightforward and informative biography of that urbane *boulevardier*. Ovid wrote sagely if ironically about the ways of women. *Love Poems of Ovid* (Mentor, 60¢), translated by Horace Gregory, recounts the amorous pursuit of, among others, that quintessential female, Corinna.

Leslie Wheeler's *Catullus and the Traditions of Ancient Poetry* (University of California Press, $1.95), although it presupposes some classical knowledge, enriches one's understanding of the major poems by setting them against the background of the times.

"The great tragic artists of the world are four," wrote Edith Hamilton, "and three of them are Greek." D. W. Lucas's *The Greek Tragic Poets* (Norton, $1.75) illuminates the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides both as individual dramas and as milestones in the development of tragedy.

The lyrics of the silver-tongued poet of Lesbos appear in a new translation by Willis Barnstone in *Sappho* (Anchor, $1.25) with the original Greek text on facing pages. After the lustier verses of Horace and Ovid, her poems seem as fragile and enigmatic as *haiku*. ("I could not hope/to touch the sky/with my two arms.")

Other books dealing with the Greek tradition are *From Mycenae to Homer* (Norton, $1.85), T. B. L. Webster's scholarly discussion of epic verse and its origins in the mythology of earlier centuries, and M. I. Finlay's *The Ancient Greeks* (Compass, $1.45), which is something less than a survey and more than a précis.

The legend of Dylan Thomas, already magnified a hundredfold since his death in 1953, is not likely to be diminished by the paperback publication of a handsome pictorial biography, *The Days of Dylan Thomas* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), in which Bill Read's text and Rollie McKenna's photographs combine to describe the life and death of a poet. The photographs follow in eloquent detail Thomas's dallying, rollicking path from the sea-washed shores of his native Wales to the doom-dark dens of Greenwich Village.

Dylan and Caitlin Thomas.

Dylan Thomas circa 1938.

"Time has ticked a heaven round the stars"

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P-386.

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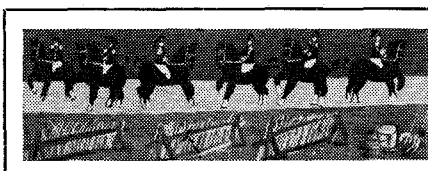

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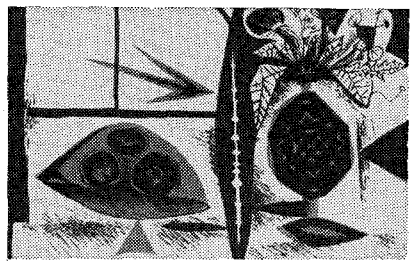

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—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

"This People Israel"

Continued from page 31

same prison-fortress, diverting attention from the fact that Baeck still survived.)

While at Theresienstadt he completed on odd scraps of paper, which he hoarded as they came into his hands, a composition that he had begun before being dragged away from his home—almost as it were the spiritual testament of the Jewish people, set down by one of its most faithful sons, as it faced its supreme hour. In a spirit of wistful affection he described how "This People" (his term throughout) conceived the idea of God, entered into a Covenant with Him which became the keynote of its existence, devoted itself thenceforth to the ideals of justice and truth, evolved the institutions that expressed these ideals, and kept them alive throughout a tragic history.

The first part of the volume before us deals with the historic destiny of the Jews from earliest times and the Covenant entered into by the Hebrew patriarchs whereby they would teach God's mysteries and goodness to mankind. Seldom if ever has the soul of the Jewish people and the essence of Judaism been better described than in these beautiful, immeasurably moving pages. Despite the circumstances under which they were written, they were not intended as a last legacy from a people condemned to extinction. For Leo Baeck believed with all his heart and soul in the God of Israel, whose essence is that, because He is the God of Righteousness, He is also the God of Eternal Hope.

The second part of *This People Israel*—a depiction of Jewish history down to recent times—was written under normal conditions, when Baeck, having almost miraculously survived the war, was able to resume the life of scholar and pastor, shuttling between England and the United States. If this section does not quite attain the same loftiness of spirit as the first part, it is because that would be impossible.

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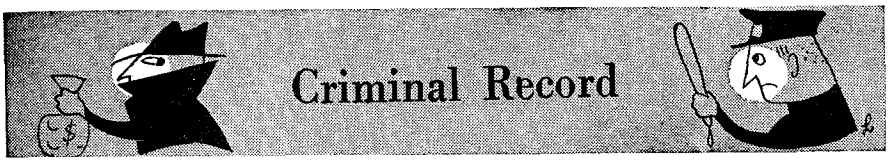

Funeral in Berlin. *By Len Deighton. Putnam.* $4.95. Plotters and counter-plotters in the split city (which is admirably depicted) go about their devious and deadly businesses in this smooth, sure-footed, and thoroughly adult espionage number.

The Power. *By William Harrington. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.95. Ohio county prosecutor tries case wherein lay preacher is accused of causing death of farm woman who foreswore medical treatment after consulting him; fine performance, as expected from the author of *Which the Justice, Which the Thief.*

Safe Secret. *By Harry Carmichael. Macmillan.* $3.95. Insurance-eye Piper, newsman Quinn, and Supt. Hoyle of the Yard dig into puzzle of £35,000 filched from bookie parlor; there are two murders also. Sound, heads-up job.

A Knife for the Juggler. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $3.50. Search for defecting Russian diplomat takes Tommy Hambleton, veteran British intelligence ace, hither and yon in France and Spain. He's still his old ebullient self, and more power to him.

Downbeat Kill. *By Peter Chambers. Abelard-Schuman.* $3.50. Report of death of L.A. area top disc jockey puts Peeper Mark Preston in the money and shows him inside workings of big-time TV. Pert and flip.

Sentence of Death. *By Jeremy York. Macmillan.* $3.95. Told he has six months to live by party who should know, well-heeled Englishman vows to track down faithless wife's lover. Outcome not unguessable.

The Terrors of the Earth. *By Stanton Forbes. Crime Club.* $3.50. Boston area widow (two school-age children) flips when anonymous letters zero in; neighbors, plus and minus, are active; two killings no help. Highly emotive jane-in-jam situation.

Johnny Goes South. *By Desmond Cory. Walker.* $3.50. Yet another British intelligence ace (Johnny Fedora this time) journeys far afield (western Argentina) in hope of aborting Communist takeover. And still they come.

The Year of the Rat. *By Mladin Zarubica. Postscript by Ralph Ingersoll. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.95. Author, on hunting holiday in Bavarian Alps in 1946, met guide who gave him detailed account of daring Allied deception that led to success of Normandy invasion. Take it or leave it, it's still exciting reading.

The Whirligig of Time. *By Dola de Jong. Crime Club.* $3.50. Twelve-year-old lad, summering at his actress-granny's East Coast beach home, runs into nerve-twisting situation; terrapin bisque is partaken of. Atmosphere super-abounds.

The Reluctant Assassin. *By Alain Reynaud-Fourton. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. Top Paris mobster, readying for retirement, plans pension-providing coup—does it work out? Brisk, fast-paced tale, with intricate plotting.

From Doon with Death. *By Ruth Rendell. Crime Club.* $3.50. Disappearance of suburban housewife puts English police on trail that leads into the past and as far from home as Colorado. Author's first is a memorable performance.

The Real Serendipitous Kill. *By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. New York Assistant D.A. Jeremiah Gibson tackles twin killings involving arty set; arson is also committed. Spirited and spry.

Double Defector. *By Patrick Wayland. Crime Club.* $3.50. San Juan, Washington, Boston, and Montreal are foci of action in this exciting interplay of wits and guns. Author of *Counterstroke* scores again.

The Crimson Patch. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $3.50. This is No. 6 in a reprint series starring Acey Mayo, Cape Cod Sherlock, whose triumphs delighted Aunt Emma and Uncle Hank a generation gone. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Tiny Alice Caper

ALTHOUGH the returns are far from in on Edward Albee's new play, *Tiny Alice,* post-opening discussions with its author, its director, and its two stars may be helpful to those who wish to ponder its mysteries.

As most theatergoers know by this time, *Tiny Alice* is the story of a cardinal's secretary whose soul is sold to the richest woman in the world (Miss Alice) in exchange for a huge annual contribution to the Church. However, there is such constant suggestion that each character and event symbolize larger and not fully comprehensible forces that many of us ask, "What does it all mean?" or complain that the story-telling has been exasperatingly interrupted by the endless embellishments.

The critical response has been amazingly contradictory. Some have used such phrases as "a masterpiece," "one of the capstones of the drama's long and adventurous history," "every minute a totally engrossing evening," and "establishes Albee as the most distinguished American playwright to date." Others have deprecated it with such terms as "prolix," "tedious," "pretentious," "ostentatious," "ugly," "wilfully obscure," "an intellectual shell game," "a set trap that has no bait." Dominating the reviews, however, are those that combine extravagant praise and condemnation. "Big and brutal as an Elizabethan tragedy" is followed by "more depraved than any drama yet produced on the American stage." "Falters badly at the beginning of the second act" is balanced with "the most engrossing evening of contemporary theater you are going to find in New York this year." Many reviewers have confessed a complete inability to find meaning in it at all, while others have discovered parallels to the Bible, to *Parsifal,* and to *Alice in Wonderland.*

There is also some difference of opinion among the production's principal participants, each of whom has avoided a direct interpretation of the play's meaning.

To begin with, Mr. Albee (pronounced *All*-bee) is fuzzy in his recollections about the play's origins. Like the play's protagonist, Julian, he is obviously no longer sure how much of his memory about its creation is real, and how much dreamed, imagined, or hallucinated. He says, "I think the play started a couple of years ago when I read a small news item about someone in Germany who had been kept in a

—*Antony di Gesú.*

Edward Albee—What does it mean?

room within a room." At the time he had been working on another new play, *The Substitute Speaker,* which he decided to postpone because it contained superficial resemblances to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The title *Tiny Alice* occurred to him some time later but was not consciously arrived at from any literary source such as *Alice in Wonderland,* any more than the protagonist's name, Julian, had any relation to an actual Julian such as the emperor who renounced Christianity for paganism, or the off-Broadway producer who recently martyred himself by going to jail.

Actually, the Miss Alice we see in the play is a woman pretending to be Miss Alice, who in turn is a necessary personification of the abstraction Tiny Alice. The latter figuratively lives inside the huge model of a house, in the living room of the same house in which the play takes place. One gathers from Mr. Albee, however, that these relationships were not planned but came about as he wrote the play. He points out, "For me the process of writing is the process of discovery. I begin by learning to know my characters. To do this I keep testing them in my mind to see if I can say how they would react to situations they will *not* meet in the play. Then I try to pretend that these characters have their head, though perhaps there is an unwritten outline in my unconscious that pushes them one way instead of the other."

Just as Mr. Albee used the name Nick in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* to suggest that the character was related to Nikita Khrushchev and was therefore an exponent of a totalitarian society, so he occasionally enriches moments in *Tiny Alice* with verbal puzzles. For instance, Julian will paraphrase the words of Jesus, but to interpret Julian as Jesus would be carrying the analogy further than the author intended. On a more realistic level, the playwright reminds us that most religious people relate themselves to Christ in their hallucinations. And he also believes that Julian is like many religiously dedicated people in being subconsciously motivated by sexual repression.

Sir John Gielgud, who plays Julian, has not discussed the play's mysteries with Albee. For him Julian is not Christ but a man who, like Christ, wanted to be a martyr. Furthermore, he feels that it is perfectly all right for him not to understand the meaning of the play, because Julian is written as an innocent who does not fully understand what is happening to him. Nevertheless, he has asked questions about the play's intention of the director, who could answer him in such a way as to protect his performance. Explains Sir John: "I find the cynical and rather superior attitude of the intellectual actor dangerous. Intellectually I didn't like *Endgame.* Yet if I'd played it I might have. In *The Lady's Not for Burning,* I felt I didn't understand a word of it, but somehow understanding its atmosphere was sufficient. The director should tell you just enough so that you won't have a disbelief in what you're doing. Disbelief can destroy a performance, but belief, even in tosh, can be effective."

Gielgud does not find *Tiny Alice* "tosh," but he admits having felt a tiny disappointment at the third act as it was when they went into rehearsal. While he now feels that the third act has been much improved and the second act possibly weakened by the revisions that have since been made, the end of the play still strikes him as negative, with a huge Alice coming through the door as he dies. (He prefers a discarded ending that would have left him tied to the model house with rope, facing a slower death). Nevertheless, director Alan Schneider has urged him to play the present ending more ecstatically, as if Julian in his final moments had come to discover certain things. "It's not negative," insists Mr. Schneider. "Was the death of Christ negative?"

For two other reasons the ending may seem more negative than was intended. First of all, the sound of heartbeats and heavy breathing as the doors open have been widely misinterpreted as being those of an increasingly terrified Julian, whereas they are meant to belong to whatever comes through the door. Then, too, Mr. Albee admits that his original notion (since abandoned) had been

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that the ending would be played inside an attic closet and include a fifteen-minute monologue (as it will in the published version). "I think it might work in a film," he says, "but in that enormous living room you can't get enough close-up concentration to hold the audience, so we cut Julian's final speech down to five minutes." While the author intended the ending to be terrifying, he also wished to leave the audience with two possibilities for Julian: total hallucination or the personification of the abstraction.

More satisfactory for Sir John is the seduction scene, which calls for the expression of sexual ecstasy and religious ecstasy at the same time. He says, "The two are very similar, but also very different. Onstage they must both be inner emotions. And since I have three ecstatic moments in the play, I must try to make each of them interesting and in some way different."

As his temptress partner, actress Irene Worth finds this boldly lusty scene less difficult than the one in which she prays that they shall not be consumed. "It's the most difficult thing I've ever done," she says. "It's so abstract, and I have to define it on three levels—the general fear of being consumed by fire, the specific fear of giving in to a part of my nature and falling in love with Julian, and the religious urge to rededicate myself to Alice."

Another difficulty for Miss Worth is establishing the fact that she is not Miss Alice, but merely an employee required to impersonate Miss Alice through endless escapades like this one. For this action is complicated by her emotional involvement when she finds herself in danger of falling in love with Julian, and this is why there is rage at her from above that sets fire to the house's chapel.

Miss Worth believes that the play urges us to stop using religion as armor to protect ourselves from the abstraction which is God (or Tiny Alice). Since the infinity of the universe cannot be defined or expressed, Julian has the choice of being a surrogate (remaining alive with Miss Alice), or "finding the center of the sun" (dying in the presence of Miss Alice), or going back to the asylum.

Whatever their variations of opinion on the meaning of *Tiny Alice*, all those interviewed are agreed on the quality of this play. Sir John feels that, like Fry and Eliot, Albee has tremendous feeling for rhythm and music and that the play has great beauty and ambitiousness of scale. Miss Worth likes it because the play is full of marvelous moments when it "strikes dead center and resounds in true overtones." And Alan Schneider calls it one of the two or three finest plays he has ever directed (he has directed, among others, *Waiting for Godot, The Glass Menagerie, The Skin of Our Teeth, The Collection, The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*).

If you pin Mr. Schneider down, he will tell you that *Tiny Alice* surpasses Albee's previous play because it digs more deeply into areas of truth and because its poetic and theatrical imagery is more sophisticated. He adds, "For example, Julian's confession about his hallucinations is more symphonic in structure and richer in language than the 'Bergin' speech in *Virginia Woolf.*"

While at this stage of its run *Tiny Alice* is doing even better business than its predecessor, Mr. Schneider feels that the six daily critics have done the play a disservice with all their talk about its perplexity. "None of them got the point. I think this play is absolutely simple. It's a parable about man and the universe, about what we *choose* to do. Its point is expressed in the third act when Julian is told clearly what they want him to do and why. As a director my job was mainly to see that it was performed truthfully, and to find an exact blend of real and unreal that would suit the play."

While Mr. Albee thinks he has written a good play, he is aware of the possibility that he may have made some mistakes. He says, "I expected the audience

(*Continued on page* 65)

A Psychiatrist Looks at "Tiny Alice"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of widespread puzzlement over apparent psychological implications of Edward Albee's latest play, SR asked Dr. Abraham N. Franzblau, a psychiatrist practicing in New York City, to speculate on its meaning from his special point of view.*

THE PSYCHOANALYTIC CONCEPT of the fierce, often fatal struggle in man between Eros, the life force, and Thanatos, the death drive, may help to throw some light on *Tiny Alice*. For the play's mood continuously reflects the psychoanalytical concept of ambivalence, and its techniques are a blend of theater and Freudian "dream-work," reality and fantasy, obliging us to apply to it not the logic of the intellect, which has failed all those limited to its spectrum, but the logic of the unconscious, that same logic that enables us professionally to unravel a dream or cure a crippling phobia.

From this vantage point, *Tiny Alice* is seen to examine a number of philosophical problems that have always puzzled man. What is reality? Is it the castle or the replica? Is the fire burning in the model or in the chapel itself? If the latter, why do we see smoke and flames? Are things the way they seem to our senses, or is there an ultra-reality or an ultra-perception? Are there eternal values which a man can cherish and to which he can anchor his life, or is it all "vanity of vanities"?

Albee's character delineation of Julian, the lay brother, goes from the almost smug equilibrium to which a lifetime of religious dedication has brought him, to the pitiful, hopeless clutching at the splinters of shattered dogma—in fact, of all of his values and ideals—as he lies dying. What is happening? Why? The wife turns away. The cardinal, whose secretary he was, turns away. The lights in the replica of the castle go out one by one. In a Kafkaesque scene, more like a nightmare than any play ending in the realm of reason, he slowly dies without knowing what he did to merit death or why he is left to die alone. None of his beliefs affords him any clue. The scene echoes Freud's queries about whether all religious dogma does not stem from man's unwillingness to accept mortality, to recognize the rapacious cruelty of nature, or to sacrifice some of his libidinous gratifications for the help he needs from his fellow men.

Does Albee offer any answers? He does not. He pinions the absurdities of life, its inequities and iniquities, focuses his microscope upon it, and leaves you to react. *Tiny Alice* forces you to question and to ponder. Albee tries to pluck the masks from life and death, sex, love and marriage, God, faith, and organized religion, money-greed, wealth, charity, and even celibacy. Part of our puzzlement undoubtedly comes from believing that some of these do not wear any mask, but are solid and authentic, at least in our personal value system. But no one comes out of the theater with all of his own psychological blinders and colored glasses still in place.

And therein lies the reason we are disturbed and puzzled at the same time as we are fascinated. Albee penetrates the superficial layers of our conscious personality and, using the mysterious escalators of the unconscious, reaches the citadels of our private certainties and shoots them full of question marks.

—ABRAHAM N. FRANZBLAU.

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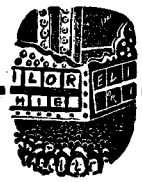

The Real Thing

FOR A FEW YEARS NOW, a group of angry independents that calls itself the New American Cinema has been making a hullabaloo about its aims and "accomplishments," and has all but convinced European film circles that such people as Andrew Warhol and Jonas Mekas are the harbingers of the American film of tomorrow. Well, while they have been propagandizing and saluting their own efforts, a couple of young film-makers whose names are Michael Roemer and Robert Young have quietly crept up and made a mockery of their self-touting, and, more than that, have aptly demonstrated what it is that constitutes competent and honest film-making. The Roemer-Young film is called *Nothing But a Man*, it was made outside the usual Hollywood stream, but both Roemer and Young have refrained from the breast-beating and mouth-bleating of the would-be Bohemians who have nominated the cinema as their favored form of self-expression.

Michael Roemer and Robert Young are Harvard-educated young men, now in their thirties, who wanted to make movies when they were nineteen and actually made one while at school. Since then they have worked in the film field as editors, script writers, and television documentarians, meanwhile learning professional techniques and readying themselves for a foray into the feature film field. Their story, put together over a period of a year or more, seemed to choose itself—the trials of a young Negro couple in the South, merely trying to make a reasonably secure and dignified life for themselves. I saw it first at the New York Film Festival, and now that it is on display in theaters I am glad to note that my original enthusiasm was not in the least excessive. It is a very good film, acted well by Ivan Dixon and Gloria Foster, touching but never sentimental, and it entirely avoids the polemic approach as it shows what the young adult Negro must adapt to in order to survive in a Southern American environment.

And yet the struggle of the couple to maintain their sense of dignity seems relatively easy—and I stress *relatively*—when their story is contrasted with Shirley Clarke's *The Cool World*, which was filmed in Harlem. The Harlems of the North are uglier places, for the face of poverty is more naked, and the hopelessness, squalor, delinquency, and crime are much more evident. Any film that can show with force the critical nature of our most virulent social disease is valuable. When a film like *Nothing But a Man* does it so believably and humanly it is an accomplishment of significance. Hollywood should have done it; the New American Cinema might have done it; but Michael Roemer and Robert Young actually did it.

Good intentions and professional honesty drip all over *Baby, the Rain Must Fall*, in which Lee Remick plays the wife of a young man with a streak of violence and an ambition to become Elvis Presley. Steve McQueen, ordinarily a vital performer, seems rather cast down at having to play someone who fails at becoming Elvis Presley, and neither he nor Horton Foote, the screenwriter, ever makes clear what has instilled in him so sorry an ambition, or what happened in his youth that twisted him into his present-day pattern. The tale begins with Lee Remick sitting in a bus with her small daughter on her way toward a reunion with her husband, who is just out of jail and on probation in a Texas town. It ends with her in a bus again, and McQueen on his way to jail once more. What happens in between hardly seems worth the investment of a couple of million dollars by Columbia Pictures and much hard, conscientious work by Robert Mulligan, the director. The problem, I suspect, is that Mulligan, Foote, Remick, and McQueen don't give much of a damn about two people like those they try to show in *Baby, the Rain Must Fall*.

Just a word about *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, which people tell me I am supposed to like and appreciate; otherwise I'm a clod lacking in the necessary sensitivity to respond to those marvelous dabs of color, and the Michel Legrand musical score supplied for this all-singing French film, and the exquisite banality of the plot. Words seem to fail those who like it, because, you see, words can't explain its ineffable charm. One baffled French critic said the film told "the story of a girl who is made pregnant by a boy who leaves for his military service in Algeria, and whom she drops for a rich diamond dealer." Succinct and accurate it seems to me, and it can be added that the boy comes home and forgives her. The story is sung in not always melodious *recitatif*, it is acted pleasantly, the color *is* nice, but I must confess it left me cold, a little bored, and rather annoyed at those who claim it to be an important film.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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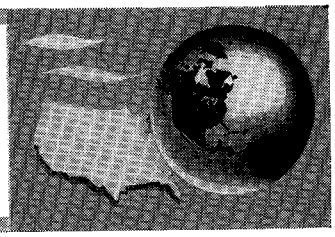


EDITOR'S NOTE: *The morning after the State of the Union Message, a Canadian newspaper commented editorially that President Johnson's words had "transcended national boundaries to encompass the world." Moreover, the editorial went on, "the world listened." But the manner in which it listened showed pronounced variations. In general, the countries of the free world appraised the message as reassuring and hopeful, while the Communist countries viewed it with cynicism and suspicion. The first three of the following excerpts from the world's press are representative samples.* —*J.F.F.*

TOKYO:

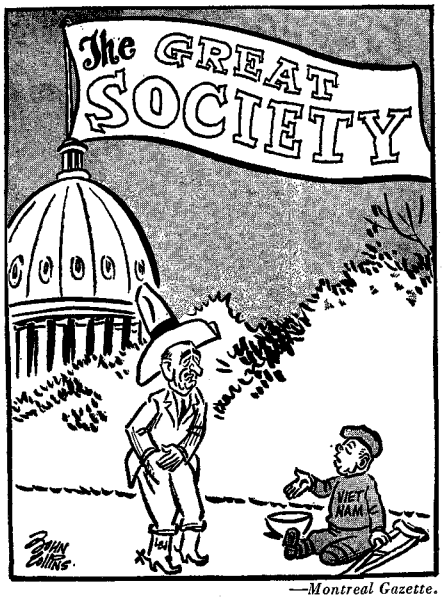
The Threat of Progress

PRESIDENT JOHNSON in his State of the Union Message made interesting reference to the nature of some present-day problems. "In 1965," he said, "we begin a new quest for union. We seek the unity of man with the world he has built—with the knowledge which can save or destroy him—with the cities which can stimulate or stifle him—with the wealth and machines which can enrich or menace his spirit. We seek to establish a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us elevate the quality of our civilization."

This statement would seem to show that the President fully realizes that man's inner life and happiness are in danger of being threatened by the material progress he has created and that this fact has called into being many problems that must be faced courageously. Mr. Johnson, however, insisted that the desired harmony could not be realized in isolation. "Today the state of the union," he said, "depends, in large measure, upon the state of the world." Consequently we find a large part of the Presidential message devoted to international affairs and their repercussions on the American nation. . . .

The Presidential message contained a timely reference to the United Nations, now subject to a threat of withdrawal from Indonesia. "We renew our commitment to the continued growth and effectiveness of the United Nations," it said. "The frustrations of the United Nations are a product of the world we live in, not of the institution which gives them voice. It is far better to throw these differences open to the assembly of nations than permit them to fester in silent danger."

Firmly believing that the United Nations can continue to fulfil its role of promoting peace and human betterment, despite its current difficulties, we are glad to observe this note of assured confidence from the top executive of the United States, a country that has done so much to keep the international organization effective. —*Japan Times.*



—*Montreal Gazette.*

"It loses something in the translation."

MOSCOW:

Words and Deeds

ONE WISHES TO NOTE and pay tribute to the fact that President Johnson's message contained no few words about peace, the spirit of friendship, and the desire for mutual understanding. . . . What is important, however, is not merely wishes. Those who heard the President were interested in exactly what the USA intends to do to ensure universal peace and establish cooperation among countries and peoples living in different social systems. The sincerity of the wish to achieve this will inevitably be tested by the actual steps, deeds, and proposals aimed at settling important internal problems, at strengthening and developing the moves in the direction of relaxing international tension. . . .

On the other hand, some things were said that cannot fail to put us on guard, that cannot but arouse a negative reaction. One of the sections of the President's message was headed "America and the Communist Countries." If it had dealt only with the relations between the U.S. and the states of the world socialist system, this would have been natural. But the remarks on this topic are plentifully flavored with the usual and hoary anti-Communism. As so often in the past, sober analysis was replaced by impossible hopes of a weakening of the links among the socialist countries. The idea that has become current in the U.S. of late, of "building bridges" between the U.S. and the socialist European countries, was repeated. But the proposed "bridges" are rotten. The peoples of the socialist countries know this full well, and strengthening their friendship will make certain that those who like imperialist intrigue realize the hopelessness of their designs.

—*Izvestia.*

HALIFAX:

Hopeful Beginning

NO MAN IN HISTORY was ever better situated than Lyndon Johnson to strive for what he calls "the Great Society"—an age in which poverty, prejudice, ignorance, and disease have been banished, and in which material and spiritual values flourish.

These may well be Utopian goals, but whether they are impossible ones remains to be seen. President Johnson intends to find out. Certainly he is no idle dreamer. The epitome of the politician, he knows that the Great Society will not be brought about by speeches exhorting men to elevate themselves to a state of grace. But he also knows that conditions were never better for making an all-out assault on the age-old enemies of man.

Politically, President Johnson stands in a unique position. The recipient of the greatest popular-vote victory in American history, and with an overwhelming majority in both houses of Congress supporting him, he holds unparalleled power to enact his program into law. But he intends to use this power judiciously. He does not intend to make the mistake of doing more good than the country can bear. The Great Society will remain an unshakable goal, but the way will be carefully reconnoitered for land mines. The "President of all the people" (except Southern diehards) intends to remain just that for as long as possible.

This will require all the considerable skills he possesses. The coalition which he heads, of Easterners and Westerners, liberals and conservatives, labor and management, civil rights militants and gradualists, farmers and city dwellers, cannot hold together indefinitely. Defections will take place; slips will be made; Congress sooner or later will become recalcitrant. But by that time the statute

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books may well be full of milestones which lead to his Great Society.

—*Chronicle-Herald.*

MANCHESTER:

The Future of Vietnam

NINE MONTHS AGO Senator Fulbright urged his compatriots to dare to think unthinkable things about their foreign policy—that China is ruled by Communists, for instance—but even he did not suggest at that time that the United States should withdraw from the war in Vietnam. That was altogether too unthinkable. It is so no longer. No less an authority than Mr. Dean Rusk agreed the other day that obviously, if there are problems of unity within the political life of South Vietnam, there are certain kinds of assistance that are simply not feasible. He was answering a question whether the United States Government was thinking of curtailing or withdrawing its aid.

Such hints lead to the sort of prophecy that tends to be self-fulfilling. If South Vietnamese soldiers and politicians believe that in two years Americans will no longer be there, they will act accordingly; and no doubt they have long been doing so. Almost certainly, lines of communications exist, or can readily be rigged up, between the National Liberation Front and exalted official circles in Saigon. A settlement between Vietnamese is possible. It is hard at present to say what kind of settlement, except that it could hardly bring more distress to the wretched people of the country than the war is doing. One reason why a withdrawal from Vietnam has hitherto been unthinkable in the United States has been the theory that if one country succumbs to Communism, the rest of Southeast Asia will follow. This theory no longer seems to command such unquestioning fidelity as it once did. People understand better now that each country will react according to its own history and current circumstances.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

HAMBURG:

The Flow of Ideas

SINCE THE DAYS of Napoleon, a nation has been the vessel in which politics are born and carried out. In Napoleon's days people were not so skeptical as we of today; they even said the "holy vessel." Pride was taken in one's nation; its development was viewed as personal fate; pride of the fatherland was worn like a badge of honor. If need be, one was willing to sacrifice his life for the good of his country.

In Germany, where such emotions were thoroughly misused, there is no longer any particular attachment to concepts of nationality. To many it appears that we are giving up nothing if we strip ourselves of the honor previously worn and join our neighbors and those of the same opinion as we to form a greater Europe.

That is much more difficult for our partners in Europe. However, even in America many people are having difficulty separating themselves from old concepts. Goldwaterism was an obvious though fortunately fleeting proof of uneasiness in the face of new ideas.

The English, too, are having troubles getting used to the idea of an MLF project. . . . Ships that fly the flags of their own countries on the high seas are the incarnation of all national feeling for the "island dwellers" far more than for other peoples. The "navy" and the "fleet" are words that increased the heartbeat of every Englishman for centuries. They were concepts that were at the peak of the value scale of the nation. And this nation is now asked to conceive of ships that will ride the waves once controlled by Britannia—ships that will be manned only by a few Britons and a large number of aliens. That is asking a lot.

But whether or not these diversely manned ships sail the seas and England withdraws her maritime prerogatives and the French do away with their cult in which the General celebrates the nation like a mass, the day will come when the nation for each will be too tight a vessel.

It has, in fact, already dawned. We are much farther ahead than we think. The eruption of national egoism that we experienced during the last two years is only a reaction to the dying out of certain powers. That is why the alliance is so fitting for its times. It is the most adequate form for our epoch—at least for Europe. Otherwise there would be no living space between the two giants.

The switches were set a long time ago. Developments have long ago created facts that can now only obey their own rules. No one can reverse the process. . . . A mere glance at the economic, military, and technical situation will show this.

The intellectual, the mental relationships between the two continents, particularly Germany and the U.S., have become closer and closer in the last three decades, much closer than in the last three generations. The thousands of specialists, university professors, doctors, architects, and others who fled Hitler's Germany have but added to the U.S. After 1945 a stream of inspirations and know-how, of knowledge and ideas, came flowing back to our country.

Severing or even reducing the fabric of relationships with the U.S. today would not bring back new national impulses, which, according to certain romanticists, represent the wellspring of power of a people. It would only lead to the side street of provincialism.

Both continents impregnate each other in an enduring manner. It must not be overlooked that about 80 per cent of today's relevant literature on science, politics, and strategy stemming from the West originates in the U.S. Without that country, the old continent—which has had to forfeit its boldness, a good portion of its initiative, and its belief in itself—would run the risk of going under intellectually. —*Die Zeit.*

Eye on the White House: Two members of the current American Congress will be watched with great interest—Senators Robert and Ted Kennedy.

The cohesion and ambition of the Kennedy family is known to everyone. While John F. Kennedy was struggling to win the Presidency, and while he was in office, he received such united support from his family that people began referring to the Kennedys as a "clan." There was never any doubt, even while he was a Senator, that his principal ambition was the White House.

His two brothers are likely to feel the same way. They were brought up in the same atmosphere and traditions. Both have shown themselves just as determined to play a major part in American politics.

To suppose that the two Senators Kennedy do not have an eye on the White House would be to suppose that they are not ambitious, for the White House is in the thoughts of every ambitious American politician.

The question, then, will be not do they hope that one of them can become President, but what are the chances of one of them becoming President? And the chances seem good, perhaps better than for any other member of the Democratic party except Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

Both men are national figures. Both are young, hard-working, and intelligent. Both have drawn prestige from the career of their assassinated brother. They are at present a long way from the White House. But they are near enough to justify a close interest in their careers.

—*Montreal Gazette.*

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Dilemma of Success

Continued from page 19

the dichotomy by which he is possessed will he take another upward step on his always ascending and descending spiral.

The average contemporary "serious" novelist lacks this realization. He can only look down, never up. I can count almost on the fingers of one hand those of our novelists who meet that test. I would name Conrad Richter, John Hersey, Louis Auchincloss, J. F. Powers, James Gould Cozzens, and a newcomer, John Stewart Carter, as definitely belonging in such a category. There may be a couple of others, but I am still too uncertain of their quality to name them. The most touted names in contemporary fiction—Saul Bellow, William Burroughs, James Jones, James Baldwin, Katherine Anne Porter, John O'Hara, Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Paul Bowles—the novelists our bewildered critics write most about, choose to walk down a one-way street. They have nothing to say to us that we do not already know, and they write half-truths only.

I like an honest realism, and it was for that reason that I have twice defended in court the right of a publisher to issue and distribute John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (better known as *Fanny Hill*), but the writers I have just named seem to me either intellectually dishonest or myopic.

I am fed up with being asked to attend while a husband and wife debate for two pages about the technique of using a contraceptive; leave that to the medical journals. Any day now I expect an invitation, possibly from James T. Farrell, the most boringly repetitious writer in American literary history, to join him in careful examination of his hero's bowel movement. No friend of mine, or of anybody else, asks me to stand by while nature's little imperatives are performed, but our "serious" novelists seem to think I am interested in hearing about them. Mr. Baldwin apparently expects me to be moved when he describes the writhing of two male homosexuals on a bed; I may be moved when he recalls the indignities of a Negro childhood, but the performance of his unfortunate perverts disgusts me.

Any hunger for beauty, any form of aspiration, any recognition of man's duality, is suspect among the "serious" writers of fiction, with such exceptions as I have noted. Moreover, since we live in an increasingly chaotic world, the Samuel Becketts seem to say, we must try to reflect it in chaotic fashion. The lives most of us live make little sense, so our prose must make still less—otherwise it is impossible to drive home the present deplorable human condition. This, the truest form of escapism, is bilge water, and not only the so-called *avant-garde*, but numerous best-sellers as well, float in it.

I sense that I have mounted a different soapbox than the one I first climbed upon; suppose we return for a moment to the cult of personality. I think the exploitation that accompanies it presents real dangers for young writers in particular. I remember the veteran publicity director of one of our most notable publishing houses saying to me once in a confessional mood that she regarded her function as potentially one of the most corrupting to which a young writer, particularly if he had scored an early success, could be exposed.

Consider what has happened to such talented writers as Norman Mailer and James Jones; if either ever writes another book carrying the impact of their first novels, I shall be surprised. Even *The Naked and the Dead* and *From Here to Eternity*, for all the driving force that made them readable, rested on an insecure base of immaturity. The hand-picked backgrounds of Mailer's G.I.s put American life into false focus; Jones's women characters, especially his sentimentalized prostitute, were adolescent daydreams. He followed his first book, with its occasional flashes of power and veracity, with the dullest novel in a decade of publishing. Following that, he returned to the army, the only area of life in which he seems at home. Mailer searches frantically for a vital theme.

Excessive praise acted as a backlash for these men, and it is excessive praise, repeated in papers and magazines, that is currently the weakest feature of our book review mediums. Where can we go when John O'Hara describes Hemingway as the greatest writer since Shakespeare, when that tedious and venom-ridden book, *Ship of Fools*, is hailed as a masterpiece of the twentieth century, when a clever writer like Mary McCarthy produces such a mishmash of vulgarity as *The Group*, which was greeted as a social document of prime importance?

We stand in need of a critical journal of uncompromising honesty, clear-eyed in its assessments, unswayed by ephemeral literary fashions, savage in its attack on the phony, the pretentious, the muddled, and the degenerate. Whatever its shortcomings, the *New York Times Book Review* remains the best publication in its field; *Saturday Review* has widened its appeal and is no longer primarily a literary journal; the *Herald Tribune's* book section has been starved to death. There were those who thought the recently launched *New York Review of Books* might provide an answer to this problem. To me it has been a disappointing venture: narrow in its sympathies, crassly and pretentiously authoritative.

The publishers must bear part of the blame for our present literary predicament. They have let the lure of a rising market encourage them to publish tons of mediocrity and rubbish; every week they underwrite books that have no excuse for being. This is not true of all houses, but there are more than enough irresponsible firms to substantiate the accusation. I could use a four-letter word to describe much of this output, but magazine usage will not permit.

This, we all know, is as much the age of publicity and of critical pussyfooting as it is "the age of anxiety." The air is full of buncombe and bilge, and the scent it carries is one that stinks. We need some powerful astringents and antiseptics, but who is to provide and administer them?

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

ANAGRAMS ALL THE WAY

Below are a baker's dozen of anagramed titles, each with its matching anagramed author, of recent publications (some top-sellers) assembled by Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, New Jersey. Order restored on page 65.

1. *Quixote*	Rosanne G. Sciafa
2. *Anabel Belton*	Bud Sewall Emming
3. *Dig the Ratio*	E. T. St. Roux
4. *Fear in Dakong*	Berla Crime
5. *Merrie Anglais*	Ned Goshan
6. *Brigadoon Ganther*	Dr. Mal de Chassa
7. *Around the O. T. N.*	Jan Honiker
8. *A Mexico-N.Y. Tour, 1965*	Lars Sjek
9. *Pay It by Uhoogram*	Phil la Schrance
10. *The Woses in Wales*	Dan O'Lerrygh
11. *Voters Fight in May*	Theodor S. R. Grody
12. *Wags to the Cribbing*	Sam dePuy, Jr.
13. *Tend Those Loony L*a*w R*e*f*o*r*m*s*	Rose Elton

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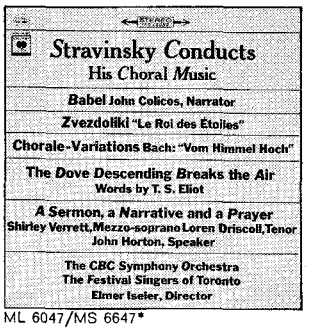
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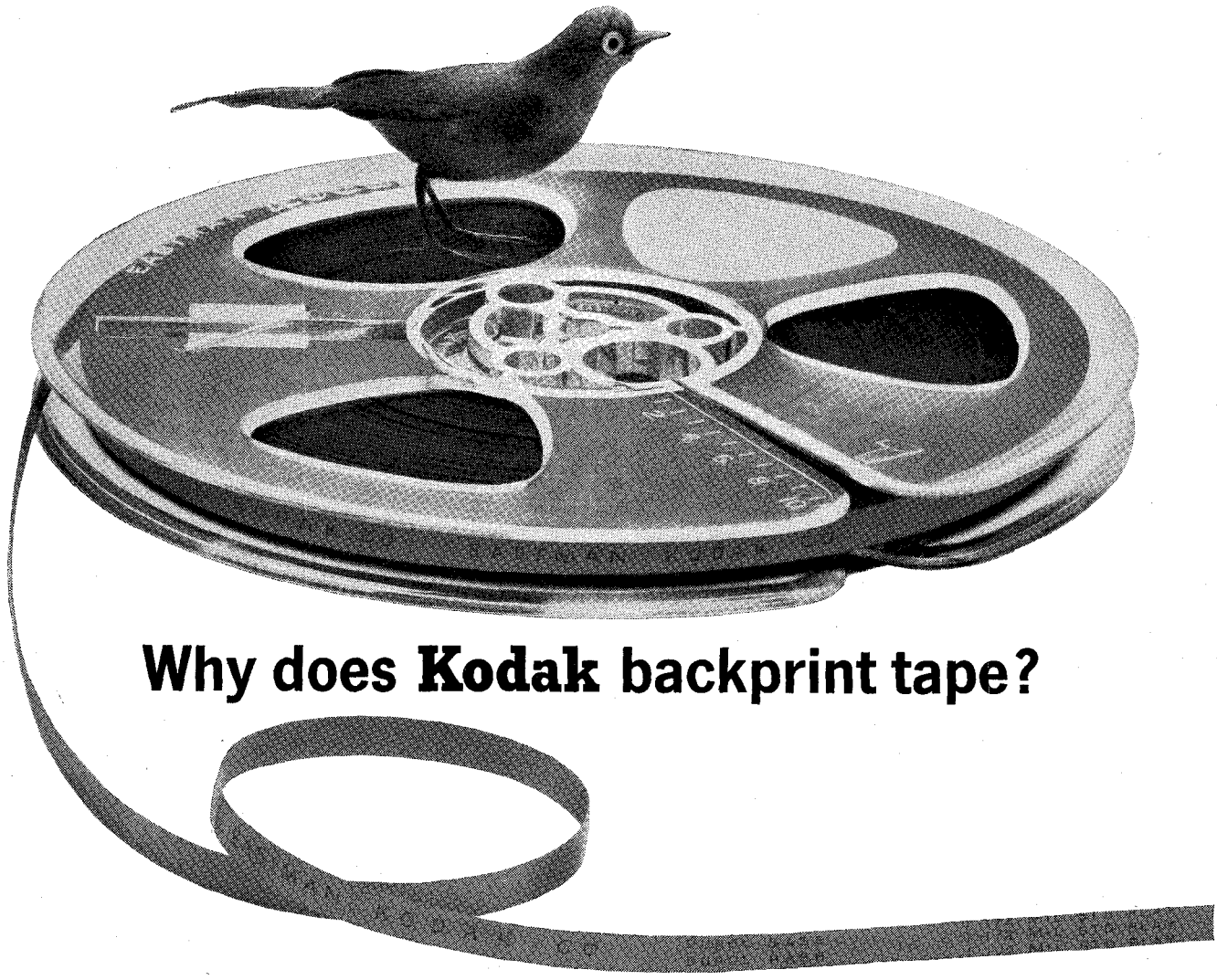

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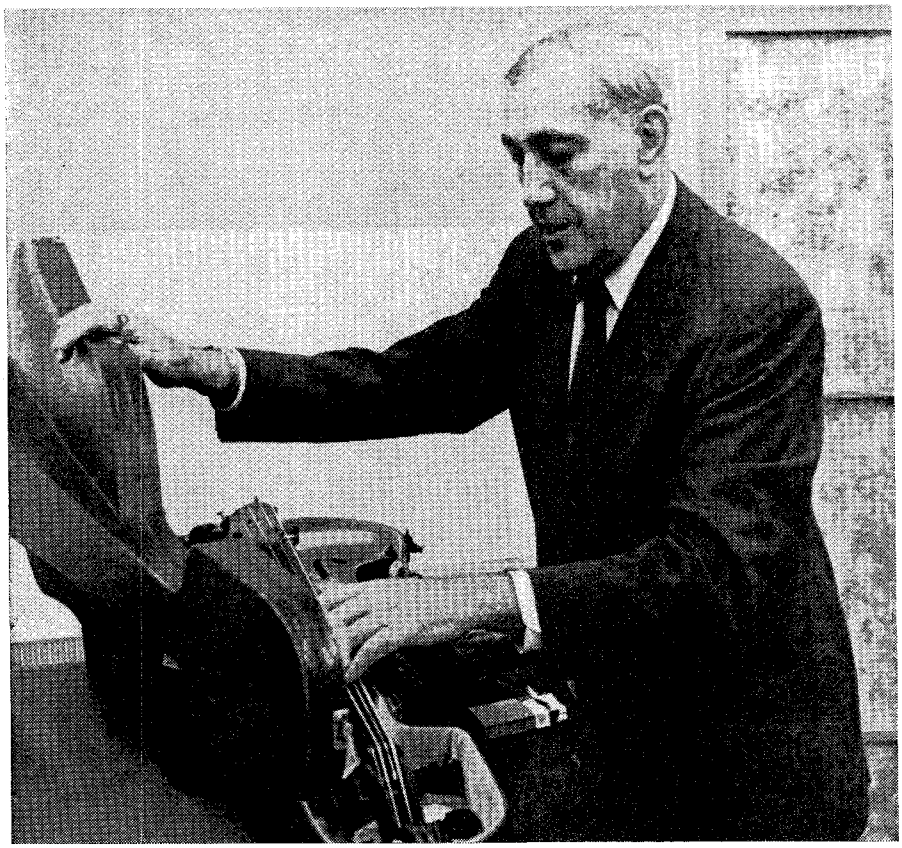

—Rothschild.

SR/RECORDINGS

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A CELLIST'S VIEW OF CONDUCTING

In his long career, Gregor Piatigorsky has experienced every aspect of musical life from café player and principal cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic to world-famous virtuoso on his instrument. Much of this experience is embodied in a forthcoming volume, "Cellist" (Doubleday), from which the following article has been extracted.

By GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

SOMEONE once asked me how many violinists or pianists I have appeared with on the concert stage. The answer was easy, for there have not been many and I could mention every one of them. How difficult it would be to answer the same question about conductors! I tried to count once, but after reaching 300 I gave up.

I have played with all kinds of conductors—with young and old, famous, unknown, with groaning, stamping ones, with masters and mediocrities. But, healthy or sick, there was not one who suffered from an inferiority complex.

It is a conductor's era. In his grand dimension he is a comparatively recent invention—not as recent as the jet plane or television, but recent enough if one thinks of the centuries-old fiddles that are still in use today.

The symphony orchestras of today have grown into fabulous bodies that exceed one another in size and brilliance, and all the *Generalmusikdirektoren, maestri,* sirs, or, as in America, doctors, have also allowed their own role to assume enormous proportions. The popular interest for symphonic music could not alone sustain the great expense of keeping orchestras alive. Concerts had to be enhanced, illuminated with some new glamour, with something divine—a superman leader. Like no other musician, the conductor has answered the call. The focus of attention has shifted from prima donna, prima ballerina, and the virtuoso to a conductor, who, as a performer, has become all three in one. If he is to be blamed at all, it is not so much for assuming his role, but for demanding and wearing his crown so naturally.

IN this connection I recall my first performances in Hamburg with Karl Muck, famous as conductor of the Boston Symphony, and before that in Bayreuth. I looked forward eagerly to meeting a man so long important in the world of music. At the rehearsal I sat in the empty hall and watched the extraordinary, sparse movements of his baton. He was old, thin, and dry, and so sounded the C-Major Symphony by Schubert on that morning. And yet there was something fascinating in his personality and his music, something definite that only very mature artists achieve.

I thought there would be an intermission before the concerto, but when the symphony ended I heard Muck: "Where is the cello scratcher?" He repeated it louder. I rushed to the green room and soon, with cello, entered the stage. He did not greet me.

"How do you know that I scratch?" I asked.

"We will find out soon enough. Sit down," he ordered, and began without further delay. Unhappy and angry, I did not look at him once. Not a word passed between us until after the adagio, but just as I was ready to continue, I felt Muck's hand on my head. "I must thank the old witch," said Muck, "for sending you here. You are the damndest scratchless cello player, if there ever was one." The musicians laughed.

KNOWING him, I came to think that anyone who could survive his crude humor would find him a lovable man. Not all could. A violinist in his orchestra approached Dr. Muck with the complaint of an unbearable pain in his arm. "What shall I do?" he asked.

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"Cut it off," advised Dr. Muck, and walked away. The violinist quit his job.

Muck's scope as a conductor seldom reached beyond sober knowledge, economy, and mastery over strictly fundamental matters. His austere art had something of a "before breakfast" quality. And yet, despite or because of his lack of warmth, a musical contact with him, like a cool bath on a hot day, was refreshing.

Conductors believe that they play the greatest of all instruments, the orchestra, and the problem of converting a hundred individual players into one thing like a tuba or a flute is an attractive challenge to them. It is true that this group of artists can play as one and in certain situations act and feel alike. But their feelings do not always coincide with those of their master. For instance, a rehearsal is invariably too long and too boring for them. For a conductor, it's never long enough, and a tired or bored conductor is as good as unknown.

In New York one morning I faced the great orchestra, and Willem Mengelberg. Carnegie Hall, the conductor, and the New York Philharmonic, with the exception of my friends and colleagues, Alfred Wallenstein and Mishel Piastro, were new to me. The rehearsal commenced without the customary introduction to the orchestra. Mengelberg, a heavy-set man with an enormous head, boomed his instructions to the orchestra, which played too loudly to hear his voice. Taking the tempo much slower than was indicated in the score, he stopped, recommenced, stopped again, and the orchestra played louder and slower as it proceeded. I waited for an opportunity to communicate with the conductor. Finally, taking advantage of a short respite, I discreetly asked him to take a faster tempo.

He responded loudly, "I studied this concerto with the composer himself, and the tempo I am taking is the right one."

His nagging voice, mingled with the orchestra, went endlessly on. I stood up at least to be seen by him and perhaps to induce him to listen, but he gave me a sign to sit down and asked the orchestra to play once more from the beginning. He tapped with his stick, sang, and spoke, and the tempo became still slower. In such a predicament, when my entrance came at last after a long tutti, in protest I played faster than I generally would. He stopped. "You play too fast."

"No, you are too slow."

"It must be played as I conduct."

I walked out. The men in the orchestra applauded. I felt terrible. As if from nowhere, Judson appeared. "It doesn't look as if we could come to an understanding," I said. Judson, quite unimpressed, explained that it was Mengelberg's last season with the Philharmonic and that his life had not been easy. He also said smilingly that Mengelberg's musical information came semidirect, from a grand-grandnephew of Beethoven or grandaunt of a grand-grandson of Bach. "You see, he has made it clear that while all others seek guidance from printed scores alone, he, having known Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, Dvořák, and others in person, has weightier shoulders of authority to lean on."

I don't know what Judson said to Mengelberg, but we agreed to try once more. This time I met on the stage a new man, considerate and willing, and a fine conductor at the same time. The concert in the evening and the next day's performance went very well. But a few minutes before the third concert Judson announced that Mengelberg was sick, and Hans Lange, the orchestra's second concertmaster, would substitute.

"Without a rehearsal?"

"Don't worry," said Judson with confidence. This concert was the best of all.

A CONDUCTOR differs from his men in practically everything. He dwells at the top of the heap, and one would never hear of a conductor working his way up to become a bassoon player. It's the men in the orchestra who strive, and at times succeed, to become conductors. Once Koussevitzky complained, "They don't want to follow me. You know why? I have two dozen potential conductors in my orchestra."

In most cases, after an unhappy cellist or trumpeter leaves the sufferings of his instrument to become a conductor, the transition will be immediate and truly remarkable. The miracle of the change is always complete. Once he has disposed of his instrument, his gifts as a conductor reach undreamed-of heights. His feeble memory for music in the past will develop phenomenally; and instead of peering prosaically at his second-violin part, he will with ease conduct the entire score from memory.

The conductor, in a trance, seldom notices the worklike indifference of his orchestra. He vibrates all over and perspires profusely, and he changes his shirt at intermission and after the concert, while his men play and walk home in the same underwear. He is supersensitive, and at times just one wrong note of a musician will plunge him into convulsions. At such moments he could murder, but he never does, and soon, after tearing his jacket or breaking his baton, he is himself again. At the concert, however, he never tears or breaks anything whatever. There he just gives a look known to musicians as a "dirty" look. On occasions such a look is a rather prolonged affair. It takes time because of his difficulty in making the musicians grant him as much as a glance. "Watch me, look at me," is his constant pleading.

Off-stage he likes to complain that conductors are the only people in all music who never have a chance to practice on their instrument. Even at the rehearsal he must be so superior musically that when he steps before a group of players he is already in a position to make his mastery of benefit to them.

But of course the laments of a conductor seldom move his men to tears. A seasoned conductor knows it and saves his grievances for a more sympathetic audience. Once a disturbed conductor told his manager that he had overheard his musicians call him a "son-of-a-bitch." The manager congratulated him: "Wonderful, they finally begin to respect you!"

There are three reasons why a guest conductor has the advantage over a permanent one: He really knows his one program, the orchestra does not really know him, and everyone knows he will go away.

Many a conductor seems to be desperately in love with music, despite the fact that a short time ago, when he himself was in the orchestra, he was not overly fond of it. Conductors also have a keen sense of ownership. "Isn't *my* orchestra wonderful? Do you know *my* Ravel, *my* Tchaikovsky, *my* Brahms?" They also possess their own brand of technique. Evidently there is such a thing as technique, but if there is, then how is it that a man who never conducted or studied conducting is capable of giving an acceptable performance without warning and on the spur of the moment? No one can expect a comparable feat on any instrument.

IT IS fashionable for a conductor to say, "I am just a servant who tries to obey what is printed in the score." Black is black, white is white. Only when one ventures to ask, "How black?" or "How white?" is he in trouble. It is believed that Maestro Toscanini was responsible for the tradition of strict adherence to the score, yet he would not trade a musical thought for the dot over a note. I once asked him if he ever misunderstood a composer. "Yesterday, today, every day," he shouted. "Every time I conduct the same piece I think how stupid I was the last time I did it."

One night we appeared together, Maestro Toscanini paced the dressing room in which I practiced, warming up for the concert. His quick steps, his grunting and swearing to himself did little for my morale. I tried not to pay attention to him and to concentrate on my fingers and cello, but who could ignore Maestro? For a moment I stopped playing. Toscanini stopped, too. He looked at me and said, "You are no good; I am no good," took a deep breath, and began pacing again. I practiced, repeating passages frantically, and wished that

(*Continued on page* 59)

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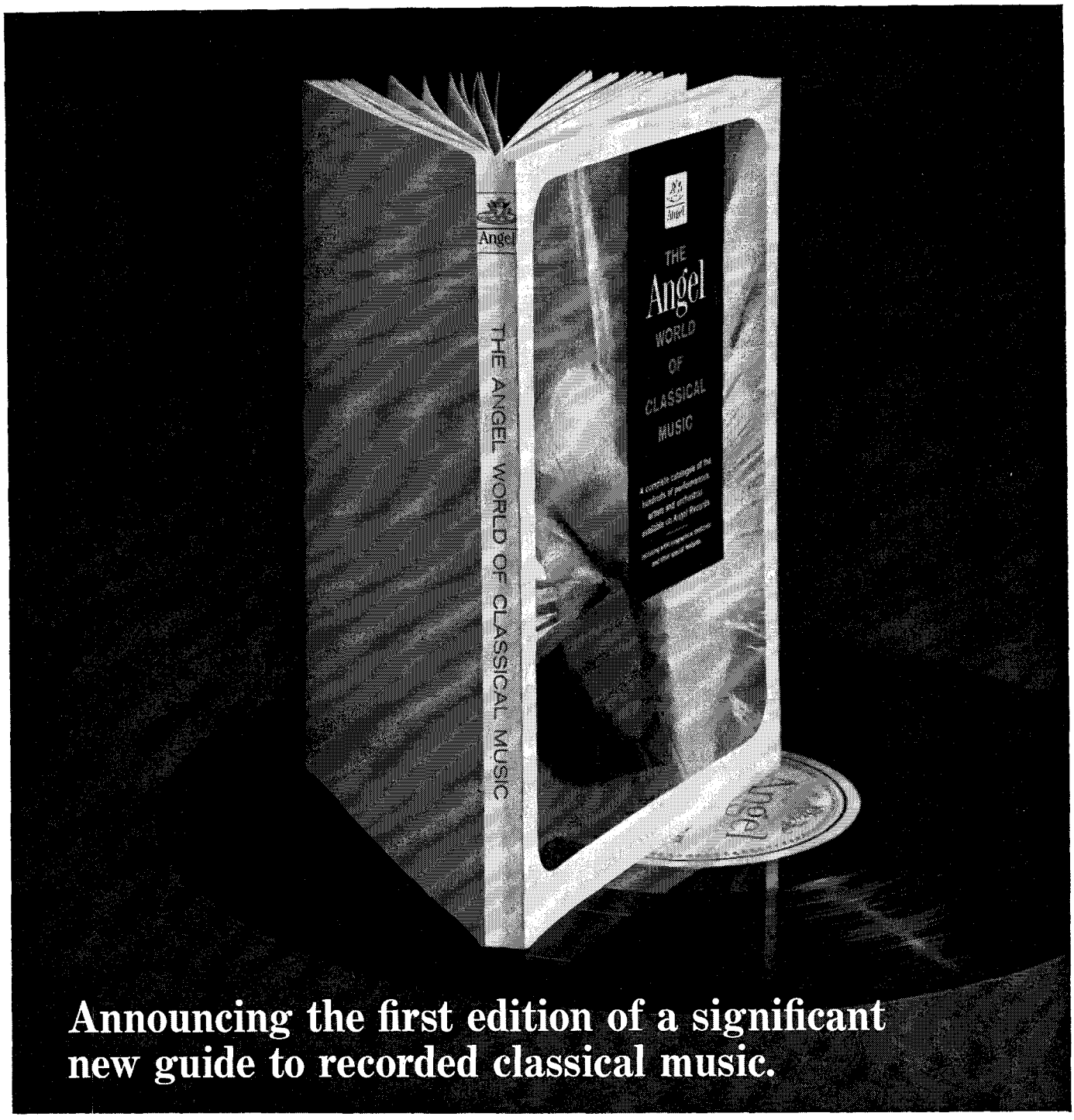

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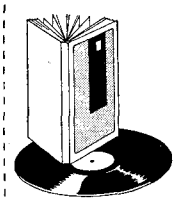

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Sing Unto the Ford a New Song

IN 1962 the Ford Foundation announced a series of awards of up to $10,000 each to eleven choral directors to enable them to extend and deepen their professional experience. The grants were intended, so the Foundation announced, "to open up opportunities that will further stimulate the choral medium in the American culture."

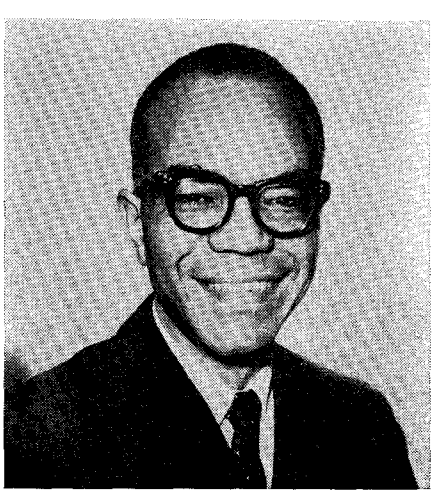
Two of the recipients were Daniel Pinkham, the composer-conductor of Boston, and John Dexter, the organist and choirmaster of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Des Moines. Pinkham's project was to commission four composers to write new choral pieces that would take a place in contemporary choral literature comparable to that held by such composers as Buxtehude, Purcell, Schütz, and others of the baroque era in the music of their time. The four composers Pinkham commissioned were Ned Rorem, Charles Wuorinen, Ulysses Kay, and William Flanagan, and their instructions were to write choral pieces in English that could be presented in concert in a church or synagogue. There was to be a four-part mixed chorus, with optional solo voices, and a string quintet accompaniment. While there was to be no "writing-down" to the audience, the technical means were to be kept relatively simple. The result of these commissions is now available on Cambridge Records (CRS 416, $4.98; stereo 1416, $5.98) under the title *Four Contemporary Choral Works,* performed by King's Chapel Choir of Boston and Cambridge Festival Strings, with Daniel Pinkham conducting.

John Dexter's project was somewhat different. He planned "to organize a small professional group of singers and instrumentalists that will present two concerts annually for three years, and to commission choral works to be performed at these concerts." A by-product of this project is a new disc, *Sing Unto the Lord a New Song!* released by Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI 191, $5.95 (mono only). Eight composers have been squeezed onto two sides and the result, without seeming cramped, is a happy one. The composers represented are Alan Stout, Halsey Stevens, Normand Lockwood, Gordon Binkerd, Russell Woollen, Daniel Pinkham, Ellis Kohs and Jacob Avshalomov.

All of the four works commissioned by Pinkham are effective and highly individual. Ned Rorem, who has written some of the finest American solo songs to date, has used his natural lyric gifts well. Rather than write an extended piece, he has instead written three choral songs. The result is a sensitive setting of *Two Psalms and a Proverb.* Rorem's music has a naturalness and ease; its linear structure is long and flowing. He has never seen the need to fragment his melodies into little spastic movements, nor has he been impelled to adopt a new style because of a prevailing fashion. His music is always fresh and youthful, but Rorem is now forty-two and a younger generation is already asking to be heard.

One of the most gifted of these is Charles Wuorinen, who was twenty-five when he wrote *The Prayer of Jonah.* His is no easy piece and the services of such excellent soloists as Jean Lunn, soprano, Jenneke Barton, mezzo-soprano, Richard Conrad, tenor, and Irving Pearson, bass, are welcome. While its intricacies may pose difficulties for performers, the listener benefits, for it holds up well and becomes more intriguing with each rehearing. But Wuorinen's intent was not to be difficult. He elected to simplify his usual style, and while it is organized serially, it abounds in tonal references. The work, the composer tells us, "is a complex of canons, a form suggested to me by certain characteristics of the text, and by the liturgical nature of the piece. Its mood is for the most part cool and distant, a character that seemed appropriate to a text so ancient and remote, yet so timeless and relevant."

Ulysses Kay has become a masterful composer. His skill and control in handling symphonic material is well known, and he utilizes all of his technical resources in his *Choral Tryptich.* Like Rorem, he has chosen two psalms and concluded with an extended Alleluia. "For several years," says Kay, "I had wanted to write a piece for chorus on the word Alleluia—just to see if I could do it." Well, he did! The concluding Alleluia may well become a classic.



Ulysses Kay—". . . has become a masterful composer."

William Flanagan, like Ned Rorem, has written some unusually beautiful songs. He is also active in the field of opera and theater. In consequence his work has a certain amount of freedom and flair that is most welcome in a religious work. His setting of *Chapters from Ecclesiastes* is deeply expressive and his deft handling of the strings adds a fine pungent flavor. Flanagan is blessed with an innate gift for prosody.

John Dexter's Mid-American Chorale is a fine choral aggregation. Its weakest points become evident in solo passages, but the over-all effect is satisfying and its real importance lies in the fact that they are singing unusual music by composers both known and little-known. The first composer of Dexter's choice is Alan Stout, who was born in Baltimore in 1932, studied composition with Henry Cowell, and has written music that ranges from the Oriental and medieval to the post-Webernian in both its strictly ordered and aleatoric aspects. *The Great Day of the Lord* is a rarely beautiful work and, by either accident or design, bears an unusual similarity to some music of Lou Harrison. However, the recording of this piece is significant for it serves to introduce a composer of unusual sensitivity and taste.

THIS WORK by Alan Stout is followed by two sprightly and joyous settings of the Ninety-eighth Psalm, the first by Halsey Stevens and the second by Normand Lockwood. Then there is a little jewel of a piece, *Ad Te Levavi,* by Gordon Binkerd. Binkerd is known best through his symphonies, two of which are currently recorded.

A composer known only to a rather select audience is Russell Woollen. Father Woollen, like such composers as Vivaldi, Vittoria, and others of their time, is a Catholic priest and, like his predecessors, is a musician of astonishing capabilities. The Motet recorded here is a section from Woollen's Missa *Domus Aurea.* In his religious music he has written in a more or less traditional ecclesiastical manner while, at the same time, managing to relate it to the music of our time. Woollen's catalogue of works is quite extensive and in his secular works his tendencies are more exploratory. He is also a formidable pianist and toured recently with the National Symphony of Washington under Howard Mitchell.

Daniel Pinkham, presented here as a

(*Continued on page* 60)

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"St. John" According to Richter

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

THE Passions of Bach have been subjected to a variety of performance styles. A few decades ago, it was customary to blow up these Baroque masterpieces as if they were closely related to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—that is, as if they were grandiose romantic oratorios that had the misfortune of being written before their time. As a sort of antidote to this came the "holier than thou" movement, which dictated that Bach's music was as sacred as the subject it treated, and therefore should be stripped of all emotion, all embellishment, all drama, and as a result, all vitality. Finally, supplanting both wrong-headed attitudes, there has appeared a school of enlightened performers who approach the Passions with reverence for the subject but still appreciate the theatricality of the score and understand the special style problems of the eighteenth century.

Karl Richter, who leads the new Archive recording of the *St. John Passion*, belongs in the latter school. He is, in fact, one of its most persuasive leaders, and few of his recordings to date have so effectively pleaded the case for authentic-but-spirited Bach as does this one (Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC 3228/30, $17.94; stereo ARC 73228/30, $17.98). In the days of austere Passions, Fritz Werner's new effort on the modest MHS label (Musical Heritage Society, 1991 Broadway, N. Y.; $5.00, mono and stereo) might have attracted attention for its forthrightness, but by Richter's standard it is outclassed in all but a few details.

To say that Richter's *St. John* stands as the finest on LP implies not only an improvement on some worthwhile outside competition but also upon the previous Archive release, which is still available on mono. This was an often engrossing performance under the late Günther Ramin, marred primarily by uneven vocalism from the soloists. Among the stereo competitors of both Archive and MHS, there remain only the London version in English (Lon. 1320), which has some strong points in its favor but is badly recorded, and Scherchen's on Westminster (West. 319), which finds the maestro in one of his most eccentric moods and suffers from rough music-making.

Richter, who is scheduled to lead this and other major Bach works when his ensemble comes to New York in the spring, discloses a sensitivity for the intimate moments that is just as remarkable as his affinity for grandiose impact. Above all, he maintains a transparent orchestral fabric and flexible dynamic scheme, even though the forces involved are relatively large: the extraordinary Munich Bach Choir numbers ninety; the orchestra, which employs the cream of Munich's three symphonic ensembles, numbers fifty-five.

One may quibble with a few points of musicology. An organ is used for all the continuo parts, for instance, even though a harpsichord might have provided contrast for some of the recitatives. This may be debated both ways, however; and even Archive's customarily expansive notes admit the possible acceptability of another keyboard instrument. Also, Hedwig Bilgram plays the continuo part with such inventiveness on the organ that the argument borders on the academic.

Richter's selection of soloists, though strong, was not always exceptional, and the engineers did not place the chorus as favorably as they might have. But these reservations do not really count as such when the excellences of the performance are totaled. Richter values the light touch, he realizes that big gestures seem big only when surrounded by smaller ones, and he proves the value of textual as well as textural clarity. He is not afraid of passionate outbursts, but reserves them for moments when they are really justified. By the same token, he knows how much sentiment can be expressed within baroque limitations before entering the realm of romantic sentimentality. For an example of the poised excitement in the Richter performance (and of the Choir's virtuosity), just listen to the "Lasset den uns nicht zerteilen" chorus. For proof of its pathos, turn to the alto's "Es ist vollbracht."

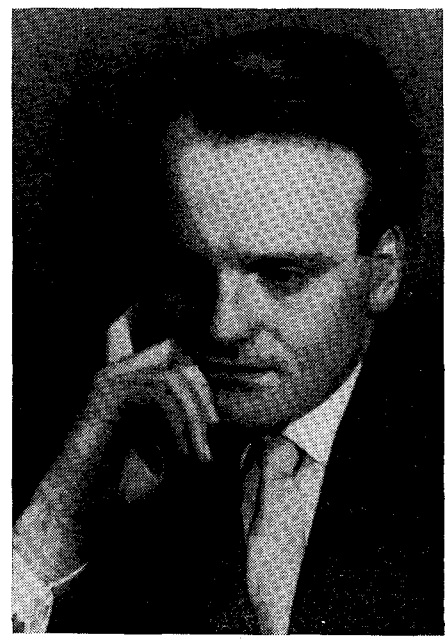
The poignance of the latter aria, in fact, testifies to the power of the Richter approach. By all odds, it should have been a failure. The tempo, at first, seems painfully slow. Hertha Töpper, the soloist, has a little trouble projecting the descending lines (like most German mezzos, she uses chest tone very sparingly), and she avoids the trills. Neither Töpper nor the gamba soloist, for that matter, are up to their counterparts on MHS at this point. Yet Richter conveys the dignity and the grief of the aria so movingly—through linear accentuation as well as tempo—that little else matters.

Elsewhere, Töpper's singing is a model of suavity and restraint. The same may be said for Evelyn Lear in the soprano arias, though she contributes some Viennese-school cooing that borders on mannerism. Among the men, Kieth Engen compensates for momentary insecurity in the bass arias with tonal warmth and a sure sense of style. Hermann Prey sings the music of Jesus with more straightforwardness than previous recordings led one to expect.

Outstanding among the singers is the Evangelist of Ernst Häfliger. Häfliger may lack the weight and color of an ideal operatic tenor, but his technical finesse and interpretative skill make him practically without equal here. The high tessitura poses no problems whatsoever, and his poetic involvement is such that the Evangelist emerges as much more than the usual sing-song narrator.

In favor of the MHS recording, it must be stated that good taste prevails, that everything is treated in a clean, musicianly way. Both harpsichord and organ are employed for the continuo, and the female soloists, Friederike Sailer and Marga Höffgen, sing their arias splendidly. Nevertheless, the performance often tends to be pedantic, the male singers (Helmut Krebs, Franz Kelch, and Hermann Werdermann) range from dull to insecure, and the stereo sound is of the dark-ages variety. The Heinrich Schütz Choir of Heilbronn and the Pforzheim Chamber Orchestra are competent.

Because the MHS version is limited to four sides, as opposed to Archive's six, the set offers a definite bargain. (The sides, by the way, are in manual order.) But, where Bach is concerned, some bargains are no bargains at all.



Richter—"persuasive leader" of the new Bach school.

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Recordings in Review

Rarefied Rampal

BACH, K.P.E.: *Sonatas (B flat, D, G, D, B flat and G). Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; with Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord.* Nonesuch H-1034, $2.50; stereo H-71034, $2.50.

BACH, K.P.E.: *Concerto in D minor. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; with Chamber Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez. Concerto in A. Robert Bex, cello; with the same.* VOX PL 14170, $4.98; stereo STPL 514.170, $4.98.

HAYDN: *Quartets, Op. 5. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; with Trio à Cordes Français.* Angel 36226, $4.98; stereo S 36226, $5.98.

Of the many flutists who started in a similar state of obscurity at the end of World War II—now almost twenty years ago—Jean-Pierre Rampal has emerged as the almost unchallenged leader ("almost" respects the reality that there will be some other flutists who disagree). For his standing, there are more than the usual number of good reasons. One is that his father was professor of flute at the conservatory in Marseilles, and the instrument was thus part of his birthright. But it is a fact that he almost became a doctor, which can only be reckoned as a loss for medicine, a surgeon of the skills that Rampal brings to his flute-playing would certainly be world-famous.

Examples of Rampal's art have not been infrequent in recent years, but the coincidence of three at the same time presents a concentration of merit that is rarely encountered in a repertory so seldom performed. By far the most compelling experience among them is the concerto (originally for harpsichord) of Karl Philipp Emanuel, whose three movements, and the finale in particular, suddenly dramatize the reasons for the esteem he enjoyed in his lifetime. The sonatas are agreeable enough pieces, with a freedom and relaxation of contrapuntal framework that expresses the son's departure—"progress" was the deceptive term then in vogue—from his father's procedures. No small part of the concerto's effect may be attributed to the alert and always purposeful direction of Boulez, whose scholarship—as there has been occasion to remark previously—probes much deeper than that of most of his colleagues in the current *avant-garde*. Boulez is no less devoted to the interests of Philipp Emanuel Bach in the concerto with Bex, but the work itself is of lesser distinction and the cellist has more than passing problems.

The qualities that make the art of Rampal such a satisfaction show themselves in suitably moderated form in the Haydn quartets. Those, in order, are a cleanly molded, frank style of performance, in which one hears a stream of subtly modulated sound without the least breathiness or break for air; a lack of aggressively "personal" phrasing or emphasis; and an unfailing concentration on the musical essence of what is being performed. In the Haydn, where he is part of an ensemble with instruments of less penetrating tone production than his own, he produces a narrower, less brilliant kind of sound than he does in the Bach Concerto, or even in the Sonatas. This is entirely in keeping with the writing, which resembles no little the Haydn of the Opus 3 Quartets (of which the F major, with its famous *Serenata*, is the most familiar) save that the "leader" is a flute player rather than a first violin. All the recording is good, but the Angel reproduction is outstanding, especially in distinguishing between the viola of Serge Collot and the cello of Michel Tournus. The violinist is Gérard Jarry.

A New Voice for Strauss

STRAUSS, R.: *"Schlagende Herzen," "Allerseelen," "Mein Herz ist stumm," "Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden," "Säusle, liebe Myrte," "Die Georgine," "Die Nacht," "Ständchen," "Befreit," "Morgen," "Ruhe, meine Seele," "Leises Lied," "Schlechtes Wetter," and three songs from "Hamlet": "Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb," "Guten Morgen, s'ist Sankt Valentinstag," and "Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss."*

Evelyn Lear—"extraordinary aptitude for poetic atmosphere."

Evelyn Lear, soprano; with Erik Werba, piano. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18 910, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138 910, $5.98.

Most of the information that has come this way about Evelyn Lear, a New York-born soprano now active in Germany, has had to do with impersonations of Berg's two operatic "heroines"—Lulu and Marie (indeed, there had been some talk that she would be heard in the Metropolitan's forthcoming performances of *Wozzeck*, but other commitments interfered). Thus one was hardly prepared for a clear lyric voice that gathers ease the higher it strikes and suits the composer's purposes the more complicated those purposes become.

Aside from venturing such songs as *Allerseelen* and *Ruhe meine Seele*, which ask not merely for a male voice but for one in the lower ranges of the scale, Miss Lear shows an extraordinary aptitude for the poetic atmosphere as well as the technical demands of Strauss, the song writer. Among those songs to which she responds most appealingly are "Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden" and "Säusle, liebe Myrte" from the *Brentanolieder* of 1919. Save from such a specialist as Erna Berger, their high register and curling vocal line have rarely sounded as well as they do from Miss Lear.

Now and then, as in *Mein Herz ist stumm*, the support falters and the tone becomes breathy, but when Miss Lear achieves her objective exactly, as in *Die Nacht* and *Ständchen*, the outcome is a musical delight as well as a vocal pleasure. That objective, it is clear, is to make each tone a surely centered entity itself rather than part of a swooping chain. This is sufficiently rare, merely as an objective, to be applauded when it is substantially achieved, as in these songs or *Befreit*. However, the latter suggests that Miss Lear should turn her ear, if not her eye, downward, and develop her low range to parity with her top. The quality is there, but it is as yet underdeveloped.

The three excerpts from *Hamlet* (the opening lines, in English, are "How should I your true-love know?," Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day," and "They bore him barefac'd on the bier") date from the same year as the *Brentanolieder* and share some characteristics of high range with them. Miss Lear shows a nice feeling for tonal imagery in deadening her sound to suit Ophelia's madness. However, she is clearly more at home, just now, in a lighter song such as *Schlechtes Wetter*, with which the recital concludes. Erik Werba's participation suggests guidance as well as support. The German texts and their English translations are a helpful addition.

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Vardi's Paganini

PAGANINI: *Caprices Nos. 1-24. Emanuel Vardi, viola.* Epic SC 6049, $9.98; stereo BSC 149, $11.98.

Had there been a long-playing record in the prime of William Primrose's career, he might have gone on to pioneer the playing of the full set of Paganini caprices for violin on the viola, as he did a select few. Since he did not, Vardi is entitled to full honors for accomplishing the difficult feat, and showing that the dimensions of the larger instrument need not deter a determined man.

Perhaps the difference in the order of accomplishment among the two men is that Primrose made us all but forget the difficulty of the task in admiration for a total musical feat. With Vardi, one is constantly conscious, and properly admiring, of the effort he applies to overcoming difficulties, but there is, all too seldom, the sense of a total musical feat. Primrose played Paganini in such a way that anyone could enjoy the stimulating results, but with Vardi one suspects that the results will be stimulating primarily to other viola players.

To be sure, it is no small matter to take on the many and varied difficulties in all twenty-four caprices, rather than restricting oneself to those that might be most amenable to transfer. As the sequence progresses, one becomes aware that Vardi manages the problems for the right arm rather better than he does those for the left. He is almost fiendishly adept in anything that demands a bouncing bow, a spiccato, a staccato, or rapid crossing of the strings. However, there is not quite the same resourcefulness in planting the fingers exactly where they should go, so that inaccuracies of intonation are recurrent; some double stops are just where they should be, others fractionally off center. Possibly this is in the nature of the technical problem, but that, after all, is what Vardi set himself to resolve, and which he does marvelously in the left-hand pizzicato of No. 24.

—*Erich Auerbach.*

Raskin (Young in background) —". . . just the right vocal temperature" for the *Rake*.

A New Sound for "The Rake's Progress"

ACCORDING to the composer himself in *Dialogues and a Diary*, the recording of *The Rake's Progress* made in 1953 "very effectively helped to kill" that opera in America (he brackets with it the recordings of Berg's *Lulu* and Schönberg's *Moses und Aron*). Why that should be, as it was conducted by Igor Stravinsky himself, he goes on to explain. It belongs among his "poorest" recordings, in a category with other pieces "that were too new to me, and for which I had no settled ideas and technical habits of performances." He might have added, though he did not, that the recording derived from its first American performances at the Metropolitan, and though Stravinsky conducted the studio sessions, the orchestra and cast were still responsive to the influence of the late Fritz Reiner, who conducted it in the theater.

Now that he has had the opportunity to organize and direct a performance of his own (again for Columbia, M3L 310, $14.98; stereo M3S 710, $17.98), it is instructive to see the respects in which Stravinsky has undertaken to improve upon its predecessor. The immediately apparent ones, merely from reading the cast, are in the choice of singers equally qualified to do justice to his music and W. H. Auden's text: the American Judith Raskin for Ann Truelove rather than the Viennese Hilde Gueden, the pointed sound of the English Alexander Young for Tom Rakewell rather than the expansively operatic one of Eugene Conley, and so on. Without question this is, of several casts I have heard here and abroad, the most evenly excellent (allowing for a preference for the late Mack Harrell's Shadow and Murray Dickie's Auctioneer over those heard in these parts in the recording).

To the expectations of quality aroused by the (mostly youthful) cast, the sound itself adds some exciting new values. Without question, the score flows more evenly, with a closer coordinated texture, from the opening fanfares on: the instrumental values are better blended with the vocal; rhythms are more exact; the performers more at ease in the idiom after passage of a decade. This is beneficial not only to the musical values, but also to the verbal, strengthening two sources of interest simultaneously. As well as having a more neutral manner of delivery than their predecessors, the present cast strikes me as musically superior: Miss Raskin sustains, throughout, just the right vocal temperature for the music she sings (cool, but not chilly), while Young shows the deterioration of Rakewell clearly in the changing coloration of his delivery. John Reardon does some phases of Shadow's part remarkably well, especially in Acts I and II; later on, he tends to sound strained.

Having had so considerable an opportunity (with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Sadlers Wells Opera Chorus) to revise the prior valuation of *The Rake's Progress*, has Stravinsky succeeded also in revivifying it? Speaking only for myself, I find that the greater justice of the performance, the more sophisticated statement of the harmonic and contrapuntal values in the score (a superb cadential figure on page 79 of the piano score, for example, is a measured caress for the ear) contribute to a heightened esteem for the *Rake's* best music but do not contribute much of added interest to its weaker sections. There is a rising curve of interest from the start through Tom's journey to London (the Mother Goose episode has not sounded so well previously) through Ann's fine aria (beautifully sung by Raskin) at the end of Act I to Tom's disquieting *scena* in Act II. But the break in quality comes with the introduction of Baba, and the digressions to the "stones into bread" machine, the auction, and the card game for his soul. Ann's reappearance in Tom's cell brings another surge of affecting music and a well rounded resolution. However, it is difficult to regain dramatic interest and momentum once they have been lost. It is not so much that Auden's dramatic scheme replaces the inevitable with the arbitrary when it does: but rather that Stravinsky's invention tends to lose conviction and interest at the same time.

While dealing with credits, it should be said that the conductor has achieved perhaps his most skilful and sustained effort on records, wonderfully controlled, superbly articulated. In addition to the excellent Raskin and Young, and the frequently good Reardon, there should be reference to the solid sound of Don Garrard as Ann's father and to Kevin Miller's capable Auctioneer. The reproduction lacks nothing to be wanted of a version that should be, for a long time to come, the definitive one of this work.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: *Wellington's Victory*. Orff: *Entrata*. Gabrieli: *Canzon in Primi Toni*. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WXN 19013, $4.98; stereo WST 17013, $4.98.	It is no problem for Scherchen to fulfil the premise of the title under which these works are presented: *Music for Multiple Orchestras*. That is to say, to create a series of tonal diversions by which the fidelity fans can divert themselves. It is, however, somewhat more to his credit that he has exceeded the promise in the works, especially by providing a musical cause for listening to *Wellington's Victory*. He shows, by the positiveness of his attack and the possessiveness of his follow-through, that he believes in it as much as Beethoven did, and something of substance thereby emerges. The Orff arrangement of Byrd's original, and his embellishments upon it, make for a pleasant mélange of sound as does the briefer Gabrieli. In all, a quality of performance as unusual as the combination of works itself.
Bernstein: *Fancy Free* Suite; *Candide* Overture; three dance episodes from *On the Town; Prelude, Fugue and Riff*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic; with Benny Goodman, clarinet; and the Columbia Jazz Combo. Columbia ML 6077, $4.98; stereo MS 6677, $5.98.	Of one fact there is no possible doubt: Bernstein is the best of all possible interpreters of Bernstein, producing a quantity of conviction in his writing that is rarely encountered in the efforts of others. Here, too, the zest is freshest, the impulse uncomplicated by striving for significance, in the *Fancy Free* music and the episodes out of *On the Town*. Indeed, when Bernstein absents himself a while from bombast and frantic rhythms, as in the "Danzon" and "The Great Lover Displays Himself," he writes some sweetly expressive music (as distinguished from orchestration). The *Prelude, Fugue and Riff*, written in 1949 for the Woody Herman band but never played by it, runs to dance-band clichés and has little claim to be described (as it is in Jack Gottlieb's notes) as "a higher form of composed jazz." Benny Goodman's contribution is, literally, nominal. The recording throughout is excellent.
Britten: "Four Sea Pictures" (*Peter Grimes*); *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini. Angel 36215, $4.98; stereo S 36215, $5.98.	Giulini's approach to these works is what might be described as "frontal," with not much subtlety of style or variety of nuance. Indeed, it might better be described as an attack rather than an approach. That is all very well if the primary concern is for the maximum in brilliant sound and instrumental definition, an objective to which Angel's engineers have given all-out assistance. However, as was sometimes the case with Toscanini, the laying-on of emphasis is more extreme than these particular circumstances require, and the results are rather lurid and overstressed. Tonally, however, the outcome is much above Angel's usually competent but reserved practice.
Gerhard: *Alegrías* (Ballet Suite). Riegger: Symphony No. 4, Op. 63. Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Orchestra. Louisville 646, $7.95 (mono only).	For most listeners this will offer a first opportunity to become acquainted with the orchestral writing of Roberto Gerhard (pronounced Gerard), the Spanish-born composer who has been living in England since 1938. However, it does not represent the kind of writing with which he has been identified lately, being the outgrowth of a commission in 1942 for the Ballet Rambert. For whatever reason, it is faithful to many of the precepts of Falla's *Tricorne*, including a quote from Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* that parellels his predecessor's reference to the Beethoven Fifth Symphony. The Riegger, on the other hand, is one of his most characteristic works, a product of his seventy-second year. The performance in each case is lively, but the execution (especially as regards intonation) arouses some question of whether either sounds just as the composer intended.
Haydn: Concerto No. 3 in G. Jorge Martinez Zarate and Graciela Pomponio, guitars; with chamber orchestra conducted by Jean-Baptiste Mari. Schubert-Matiegka: Quartet in G. Werner Tripp, flute; Konrad Ragossnig, guitar; Karl Sterhof, viola; and Adalbert Skocic, cello. RCA Victor LM 2772, $4.98; stereo LSC 2772, $5.98.	Neither of these works is representative of the qualities that earned the composer his reputation (the "Schubert" is basically a piece by an obscure contemporary to which he added a cello part), but each has qualities which lend themselves to interest in the kind of performances they receive here. The Haydn Concerto was noted here not too long ago (*SR*, Sept. 26, 1964) in a version by Presti and Lagoya that also directed attention to the likeness of the slow movement to that of the Symphony No. 100 in G (*Military*). Those who prefer pseudo-Schubert-with-flute to the works of Marcello and Vivaldi provided on the earlier (Mercury) issue will find the quality of performance and recording very similar.
Mozart: Concerto No. 22 in E flat (K. 482); Sonata No. 16 in B flat (K. 570). Daniel Barenboim, piano; with orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi. Westminster XWN 19079, $4.98; stereo WST 17079, $4.98.	Barenboim and Somogyi arrive at a more profitable partnership in this performance than they achieved in another recent release (the Beethoven C-minor Concerto). Possibly there are fewer divergencies in their points of view on Mozart than there were in Beethoven. Barenboim does some deft and well-sounding execution in the fast movements, attaining a standard of fluency that need not be qualified by reference to his age. He does, however, tend to glide over the contour of the music rather than defining its heights and valleys as one would like to hear them defined. The annotation abounds in references to fairly evident structural features, but does not identify the author of the cadenzas. The Sonata, one of Mozart's best, is very well played.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 2; *Little Suite*. Carl Garaguly conducting the Tivoli Concert Hall Orchestra. Vox PL 12550, $4.98; stereo STPL 512.550, $4.98.	Those who missed the last round (pre-stereo) of Nielsen symphonies on records will find this work, as well as its performance, a persuasive introduction to the merit of the composer. They are marshaled to particular advantage here in the exposition of Nielsen's mastery of the symphonic process, his capacity for large-scale structural thinking, and the maintenance of interrelated ideas over a considerable span of listening. A characteristic weakness would seem to be that the ideas, of themselves, do not contain a significant amount of aural glue, a lack that tends to diminish the interest of what he does with him. Garaguly, who is internationally known for his participation in the Bergen Festivals, shows himself as firmly in control of the problems of Nielsen as he has been in those of others in which he has been heard. The *Little Suite* (a work of Nielsen's twenties) generates a good deal of appeal in its Praeludium and Intermezzo, but it tends to thin out in the Finale. The level of performance is an elevated one, and the reproduction of comparable quality.
Strauss (J.): *On the Beautiful Blue Danube*. Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Capriccio Espagnol*. Ravel: Pavane. Smetana: *Bartered Bride* (Dances). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic LC 3891, $4.98; stereo BC 1291, $5.98.	Long before he came to Cleveland, or to America at all, George Szell was known to some for a singularly well-sounding, beautifully phrased performance of the *Blue Danube* Waltz with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Here he provides a reprise of that experience, twenty-five years after, and in a much more challenging context. The orchestra he has created is equally responsive to his lead, and, in the case of the solo horn, perhaps even better-sounding.
Strauss: Suite from *Der Rosenkavalier; Till Eulenspiegel;* and "Dance of the Seven Veils" (*Salome*). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6078, $4.98; stereo MS 6678, $5.98.	Such orchestral sound as the Philadelphia ensemble provides for the *Rosenkavalier* music will rejoice anyone who feels that what is heard in the opera house is only a portion of what is written. The sequence of excerpts is the one made by the composer himself late in life, and relates largely to solid sections of Act I (prelude), the presentation of the Rose, and the summarizing music of Act III. In these twenty-two minutes, as in the tone poem and *Salome* excerpts, the results are best when the sustained cantilena sound the orchestra produces so well accords with the needs of the music. As that is at a minimum in *Till*, the character of the work suffers accordingly. For that matter, "character" is the element least conspicuous in the "Dance" or the *Rosenkavalier* Suite: the washes of tone and broad strokes of color are applied with little regard for drama, tension, humor, or even plain fantasy. —Irving Kolodin.

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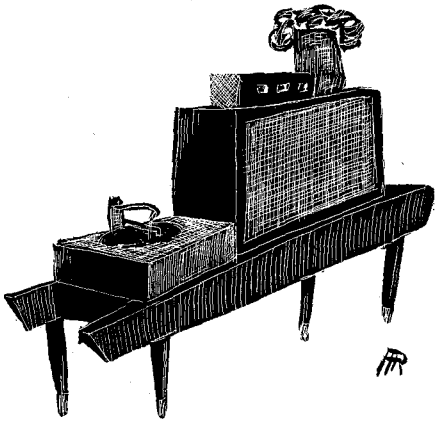
"High Fidelity" Reaches Its Majority



TWENTY-ONE years ago the Engineering Department Information Service of the National Broadcasting Company issued a prospectus on high fidelity's future. The booklet was entitled *Down to Earth on "High Fidelity,"* and the aim of its authors—G. M. Nixon, C. A. Rackey, and O. B. Hanson—was to "take a practical view of what constitutes *realizable* high fidelity" in view of the wide-band FM service then newly authorized by the Federal Communications Commission.

The birthdate of the phrase itself is obscure, but today, twenty-one years after *Down to Earth's* publication, high fidelity itself has certainly come of age, and the standards and predictions set forth in the book provide interesting matter for review and reconsideration. Though the fidelity of today's sound reproduction is high, we cannot claim to have achieved "high fidelity"; for, as the booklet tells us, "the term . . . is comparative and it would be more correct to think of it as 'higher fidelity.' . . . Fidelity implies a faithful reproduction of the original, a condition which in audio systems cannot actually be attained, but at best, only approached."

As of the mid-Forties, the factors listed as comprising this goal are: flat frequency response; freedom from noise; freedom from phase, harmonic, and transient distortion; freedom from compression of the dynamic range; suitable acoustics for "both pick-up and listening spaces," and stereo. These remain equally valid today, with only one major addition: intermodulation distortion. It was, then, apparently a new phenomenon, to which the book refers as follows: "More attention should be directed to investigation and elimination of cross-modulation products as compared with present stress on the more simple harmonic distortion effects."

In charting high fidelity's future, the authors warn that a wider frequency response range will accentuate the problems of noise and distortion, necessitating greater attention to their elimination.

It has been known since Fletcher and Munson's experiments were published in 1933 that the ear's relative sensitivity to high and low frequencies diminishes as the over-all volume drops. The NBC pamphlet predicts "a 'tone' compensated volume control" to boost the highs and lows as volume drops—the equivalent of today's omnipresent "loudness" control.

The book touches briefly on stereo for the preservation of "the spatial relationships of the sources of sound." In the wake of the hucksterism that was later to usher in the stereo era, this requires clarification.

It makes no difference that "the violins are on the *left,*" as the ads once shouted; with a left-handed Philharmonic, the scheme would be reversed. Stereo is not a means of splitting an orchestra into opposing camps. At its best, stereo presents a solid wall of sound, with each instrumental voice so defined in space that one may concentrate more readily on its melodic line, yet not so specifically located that one cannot hear the entire orchestra as a single blended sound.

The "spatial relationships" preserved by stereo include the relationships of the sound sources to the hall as well as to each other. Stereo reproduces the directions and durations of echoes, recreating the aural effect of the hall in which the recording was made. In effect, this pushes back the walls of the smaller listening room and gives the listener and the music alike more breathing space. It is for this reason that a stereo recording of even a solo performer sounds subtly different from a mono one.

A sizable portion of the NBC booklet is devoted to frequency response, still the most discussed specification in "high" (or higher) fidelity. The authors note that "the bulk of program energy is in the band centering about . . . 700 cycles," citing the old rule of thumb that to maintain "the required *balance* between . . . upper and lower frequencies . . . , the product of the lower and upper frequency limits should equal a number in the vicinity of 500,000." This figure is not purely arbitrary, for it represents an equal extension of the frequency band upward and downward from 700 cycles. Hence a range of 22 to 22,500 cycles per second would cover exactly five octaves above 700 cps and five octaves below it.

In practice, this factor is more important where only a limited frequency band is to be employed (as in the design of AM table radios) than it is in full-range systems, for comparatively little program material exists below 50 and above 10,000 cycles.

Down to Earth cites this, and claims therefore that "Reproduction of frequencies above 10,000 cycles adds only to the enjoyment, if that is the word, of such things as key jingles . . . and various extraneous noises (nonmusical) from musical instruments, as resin squeaks, air rush from wind instruments, and the like. These 'sound effects' can hardly be considered essential or worth high cost to attain!"

Here, alas, they are voicing a point of view that persisted in this country, until the postwar FFRR techniques of London Records proved otherwise. The "sound effects" above 10,000 cycles are what give life to harpsichord recordings; above 10,000 cycles lie the crackle of the snare drum and the faint guttiness of a violin's crisp attack; a voice recorded with a frequency range to 18,000 cycles is considerably more lifelike than the same voice recorded with a 14,000-cycle range.

Down to Earth ends with "an appeal to common sense and practicality in the matter of fixing an audio band width for receivers. There is very little question, in the opinion of those who have devoted their lives to the problem of sound reproduction, that good reproduction over a practical band will provide a better service to the listener than one of controversial and indefinite quality over a theoretically complete audio spectrum.

"How can publicizing and creating a demand for 15,000-cycle receivers or systems be possibly justified, when a good 10,000-cycle receiver that can be made available to the greater part of the public has not yet been designed?"

In 1944 terms, Messrs. Hanson, Nixon, and Rackey are correct; but today the "good 10,000-cycle receiver" is a reality. In the twenty-one years since *Down to Earth* was published, its most optimistic speculations have been realized. Only on one point of pessimism can it be faulted. It suggests a lack of faith in ultimate standards and the desirability of striving for them which, fortunately for the listener and record buyer, was amended by others who have profoundly affected the industry.

—IVAN BERGER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonata in B flat, Op. 106 (*Hammerklavier*). Daniel Barenboim, piano. Command CC 33-11026, $4.98; stereo SD 11026, $5.98.	Hardly a dozen pianists have recorded the *Hammerklavier* since the very first by Schnabel, in the Thirties. No one of the better-known versions was by a pianist still in his teens, which leaves Barenboim with the unique distinction of having done it twice, though he has but recently passed his twenty-second birthday. The first conspicuous fact in a comparison of this performance with the one on Westminster XWN 18760 is that it is a vastly better likeness of the piano. It quickly develops that it is also a more dynamic likeness of the music than its predecessor, which repeatedly found Barenboim attempting the equivalent of carving marble with a penknife—however good the intentions, the equipment was insufficient. His tone production still strikes me as the least suitable of his attributes for a complete *Hammerklavier,* which is to say that he is more mature mentally than he is mechanically. However, as represented in this performance, it comes closer, especially in the slow movement, than it did five years ago. Doubtless Barenboim will, in another five years, play it better than he does today, but there are some stretches of the music, in the opening allegro as well as the adagio, in which he plays himself into a complete identity with as massive a problem as the literature contains. The strong reproduction sometimes picks up pedal noises as well.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor, Op. 34. Rudolf Serkin, piano; with the Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 6031, $4.98; stereo MS 6631, $5.98.	No question where the motive power of this performance is centered. It is, dynamically and emotionally, an emanation of Serkin's presence at the keyboard. This is not to say that he dominates the performance in any untoward way, but simply that he gives it a direction and dimension to which his associates provide a stimulating counterreaction of their own. Doubtless some will regard this as a reissue of a performance with which they have long been familiar; but it will be an illusion, if an understandable one. Serkin has long been associated with one of the best of all performances of this quintet, with the Busch Quartet on V-Set 607; and the Budapest Quartet has also had a share in a fine version with Clifford Curzon. But it is not merely their first recording of the Quintet together; it is the first time they have recorded anything together. The results show that this collaboration is long overdue, if only for its corrective influence on intonation and tone of the string ensemble. Big, well-shaped sound.
Haydn: Quartets, Opus 55 (Nos. 1-4). Allegri String Quartet. Westminster XWN 19084, $4.98; stereo WST 17084, $4.98.	Contrary to the suggestions of the name—which might identify the players as compatriots of the Quartetto Italiano or the Quintetto Boccherini—the performers are in that great tradition of English chamber-music performance that has added many distinguished records to the catalogue. This is exemplary for its combination of assured leadership by Eli Goren, and a fine balance of tonal as well as technical qualifications among Peter Thomas, second violin, Patrick Ireland, viola, and William Pleeth, cello. The style of performance is admirably suited to the refinement and spirit of the writing, which represents Haydn at a mid-point of progress between the early, soloistic works and the more profound later ones. The players are also keenly responsive to the play of inner voices which depict Haydn's response to the six great works Mozart dedicated to him a few years before. In all, a cultivated pleasure, complete with mirror-clear recording.
Liszt: *Missa Choralis*. Bruckner: *Os Justi* (Gradual). Hans Gillesberger conducting the Vienna Kammerchor; with Elizabeth Thomann, soprano; Gertrude Jahn, mezzo-soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; Eishi Kawamura, baritone; Harald Buchsbaum, bass; and Josef Nebois, organ. Vox PL 1040, $4.98; stereo STPL 501040, $4.98.	There is little doubt that, on talent alone, Liszt could have been any kind of a composer he wanted to be. However, it was the complexities of his personality that determined that he should be one kind in one set of circumstances, quite another in different ones. This work of 1865 (the year in which he took the orders that entitled him to be known as the Abbé Liszt) is almost *a cappella,* the organ providing harmonic support from time to time. It has scant resemblance to any generally known works of Liszt, but substantial interest nevertheless. For that matter, very few would recognize the *Os Justi* as the work of Bruckner. It is a modal (Lydian) concept, which looks backward to the precepts of Palestrina. Both are sung with uncommon purity of sound by the choir under the direction of Gillesberger, and the organ, when it is used, is mixed discreetly with the voices. Very good, natural-sounding reproduction.
Strauss-Godowsky: *Symphonic Metamorphosis on "Artist's Life."* Paderewski: *Theme with Variations,* Op. 16, No. 3. Herz: *Variations on "Non più mesta"* (*La Cenerentola*). Rubinstein, A.: *Etude,* Op. 23, No. 2. Thalberg: *Don Pasquale Fantasy*. Hummel: *Rondo* in E flat. Earl Wild, piano. Vanguard VRS 1119, $4.98; stereo VSD 71119, $5.95.	To judge from his success in unstranding the complex texture of Godowsky's elaborations on Strauss themes, Wild could be just the man to do a full disc of Godowsky transcriptions, including those on Schubert songs, the Passacaglia on the opening theme of the *Unfinished* Symphony and some of the fifty-odd reworkings of Chopin. He also performs with sensitivity as well as fluency in the Paderewski variations, conveying much of that musician's refinement of mind as well as something of the matter in which he played the piano. However, in the Herz and Thalberg display pieces especially, Wild's search for a manner to take the place of substance inclines him to a mechanized likeness of the "Virtuoso Piano," as the collection is inscribed. The stiff rhythms and heavy accents are almost too much "in the style." But in all cases, Wild is a phenomenally accurate as well as fleet-fingered performer whose skills must be many another pianist's despair. Highly successful recording.
Verdi: *The Troubadour* (excerpts). Elizabeth Fretwell, soprano; Patricia Johnson, mezzo; Charles Craig, tenor; Peter Glossop, baritone; with Sadlers Wells chorus and orchestra directed by Michael Moores. Capitol P 8609, $3.98; stereo SP 8609, $4.98.	To be sure, Capitol doesn't go as far as billing this as *The Troubadour,* but it might well have, considering that everything else about this pastiche is in English (including the conducting). It has a measure of interest for those with a curiosity about the standard of execution that prevails in England's own "native" opera (Covent Garden is now thoroughly internationalized). They will find that it is a serious, conscientious effort to do justice to Verdi, with special stress on enunciation of the English translation by Norman Tucker and Tom Hammond. As might be anticipated, the vocal values are unevenly disposed, with Fretwell's strong if not wholly controlled sound as the most rewarding, and Glossop's stolidly constricted effort at the other extreme. Johnson is not really an Azucena, and Craig is light for Manrico. For the most part, the words might as well be "Tacea la notte" as "Fled was that golden vision," "Stride la vampa," "Il balen," "Di quella pira," "Mira, d'acerbe," "Ai nostri monti," and "Prima che d'altri vivere" as well as the English equivalents. Relatively few can be heard, for all the efforts of the singers. (The *Miserere* is also included.) Capitol has provided the best of its technical resources for this product, price notwithstanding.
Wilder: Sonata for Trombone and Piano. Corelli: Sonata. Pergolesi: *Siciliano;* etc. John Swallow, trombone; with Harriet Wingreen, piano. Golden Crest RE 7015, $4.98 (*mono* only).	Wilder and Swallow are here engaged in a reciprocal project, with mutual benefits. The composer is stimulated by the performer's uncommon technical qualifications, the results thereby affording a means of expression otherwise nonexistent. Wilder has used Swallow's qualities of "lip" and flexibility to write a blues-tinged work that has a definitive trombone character and yet is a persuasive embodiment of his own personal qualities as a composer. It is one of the best of the numerous "special" pieces he has written for trumpet, French horn, tuba, etc. Overside, Swallow is engaged in more conventional technical triumphs by means of transcriptions of Corelli and Pergolesi, and a work described as "Camille" by Saint-Saëns. It is, forsooth, Cavatina by Saint-Saëns. Ending all is a fruit salad of a piece by the bygone virtuoso of the slip horn, Arthur Pryor, in which *The Blue Bells of Scotland* are submitted to every known form of disfigurement on behalf of the trombone's greater glory. It rated two bows at least. —I.K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Hoffmann at Covent Garden, *Pelléas* on Discs

LONDON.

TO EVERYONE'S relief, the members of the London Symphony Orchestra returned safely to their home base in time for a family Christmas, travel-weary yet elated by the success of their around-the-world musical mission. To be sure, there were no hordes of screaming teen-agers at London Airport, no shouts of "We want Gervase" or "We love you, Barry"—only a welcome-home message from the Queen delivered by the Master of Her Musick, Sir Arthur Bliss, to reassure our cultural ambassadors that we had been following their westward progress with considerable interest. The real reunion between the orchestra and its public will not, however, take place until February 1, when the LSO will have the honor of reopening the Festival Hall following the prolonged face-lifting operations on the South Bank.

While the LSO is thus riding high, another London orchestra of high repute, the Royal Philharmonic, remains in the doldrums. The plight of Beecham's erstwhile ensemble is indeed sad to behold for anyone with treasured memories of its halcyon days; after the bitter wrangles over its title and the loss of its association with Glyndebourne (where it was replaced by the London Philharmonic last summer), we are now faced with what looks like a concerted attempt to deal it the *coup de grâce*. The new and highly successful subscription scheme just launched by the Festival Hall management embraces concerts to be given there by the LSO, the LPO, and the New Philharmonia, but excludes the BBC Symphony (whose finances are not directly dependent on box office receipts) and the RPO (whose finances most certainly are). It may well be that we now have in London too many orchestras chasing too few concertgoers, but such a struggle for survival provides a most unedifying spectacle as rival managements seek financial support from private and public funds, and accusations of sabotage, backed by tape transcripts of a vital telephone conversation, are flung at the secretary of the Arts Council by supporters of the RPO.

Meanwhile Covent Garden has announced a three-year extension of Mr. Solti's present contract as musical director, and it gave us an attractive revival of *The Tales of Hoffmann* as a highly suitable Christmas entertainment. Elegantly conducted by Solti, who restored the acts to the order originally intended by Offenbach (Olympia-Antonia-Giulietta), these were very enjoyable performances, thanks to the exceptionally strong and carefully prepared cast, in which the agile and charming Reri Grist (Olympia) was the only "outsider." The decision to employ front-rank artists for even the smallest parts—we had David Ward as Crespel, Kenneth Macdonald as Franz (providing a superb mixture of comedy and bel canto), and John Lanigan as Spalanzani—paid off handsomely and provided the principals—Richard Lewis (Hoffmann), Geraint Evans (Lindorf-Coppelius-Dr. Miracle-Dapertutto), Miss Grist, Heather Harper (Antonia), and Marie Collier (Giulietta)—with some formidable competition. Perhaps the most distinguished singing, however, came from Josephine Veasey (Nicklausse.)

In France operatic standards appear to have declined alarmingly during the past few decades, as witness the fact that we have had in recent years four complete stereo recordings of *Carmen* none of which featured a French Carmen or Don José, while two of them assigned all four principal roles to non-French artists. This month, too, we have a magnificent new Decca recording of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* in which only Pelléas and Yniold can claim French as their mother tongue, the rest of the cast coming from Holland, Canada, and Britain. This set is a most important addition to the stereo repertoire, and Decca was wise once more to entrust the musical direction to the experienced and sensitive hands of Ernest Ansermet. He is excellently served, too, by an intelligently chosen cast featuring Erna Spoorenberg's touching Mélisande, Camille Maurane's sensitive Pelléas, and George London as a really impressive Golaud.

As though to make up for the lack of aural spectacle in *Pelléas*, Decca's remaining January issues offer a generous ration of sensational sonics. Best of these to my mind is a Kodály disc by Kertész and the London Symphony that brings us the attractive Dances of Galánta and the inevitable *Háry János Suite* (though the latter is augmented here by two songs from the same opera, featuring Hungarian mezzo Olga Szönyi): it shows orchestra and conductor in top form, and the recording makes a tremendous impact. Magnificent playing and gorgeous sound also come to us from Vienna, with Maazel directing the Philharmonic in Sibelius's second Symphony, but the result seems to me more a dissection of the score than an organic performance. Decca evidently thinks otherwise, for we are to have an entire Sibelius cycle from Maazel and the Vienna Philharmonic.

Although, anniversary-wise, this month belongs to Michael Tippett, who on January 2 celebrated his sixtieth birthday (though he looks, sounds, acts and composes like a man half his age), we shall have to wait a while for promised recordings of several of his recent works. Britten, on the other hand, is now regarded as sure-fire box-office by the Decca group; since, unlike Tippett, he has always been a highly prolific composer, there are still plenty of his works waiting to be recorded (including a number of the operas). The latest disc to appear, on Argo, contains a miscellaneous collection of part songs ranging from two settings of 1934 to the Choral Dances from *Gloriana* (1953). The *Five Flower Songs* of 1950 contain much lovely and characteristic invention, but to my mind the most astonishing item is a wartime composition, the *Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard* for male voices and piano—a grim and ironical setting of an anonymous poem from the *Oxford Book of Ballads*. This fascinating program is excellently sung by the Elizabethan Singers under Louis Halsey and finely recorded.

From DGG comes a varied and attractive selection of Archive releases, covering three centuries of European musical history. There are madrigals and keyboard pieces by Thomas Morley and concertos by Handel contemporaries such as Geminiani, Festing, Woodcock, and Baston to represent these islands, Fanfares and so-called symphonies by Mouret and Lalande (or Delalande, or de la Lande, if you prefer it) to recall the glories of the French court with the aid of some superb trumpet playing by Adolf Scherbaum, and a fine pair of Bach discs containing the musical offering, directed from the harpsichord by Karl Richter, and four organ preludes and fugues played by the indefatigable Helmut Walcha. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is a disc of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century music from Nuremburg. The beginning of Side 2 is sure to make your Wagnerian friends sit up and take notice, for it starts with the words "Als ich, Hans Sachs. . . ." In fact, there are five extended songs for solo voice by the cobbler-poet-composer immortalized in *Die Meistersinger*, but it is the other side of the disc—fourteen songs and instrumental pieces from the Locheimer Liederbuch and other sources—that makes this issue especially enjoyable.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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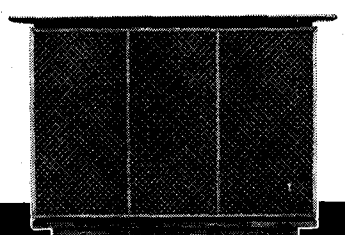

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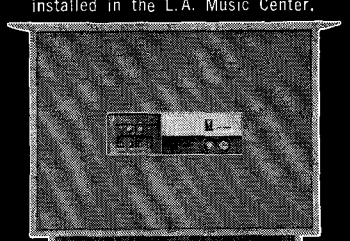

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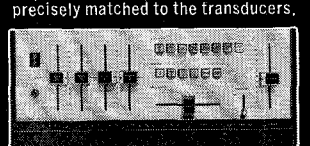

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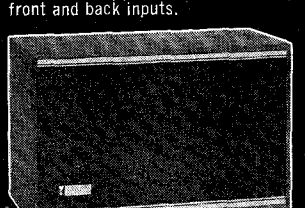

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Opera Encyclopedia

***The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera,** edited by Harold Rosenthal and John Warrack (Oxford University Press. 446 pp. $6.50).*

THIS intensely welcome book is a dictionary of opera edited by two men taught by experience that opera enthusiasts are almost as interested in singers, dead or alive, as in composers and the facts about individual operas. Succumbing to a special interest in its subject matter, I indulged myself in the madness of reading every word in its 446 pages.

Aside from one or two errors and an inordinate number of typographical howlers, nothing about the book disappointed me except the selectivity promised by the "Concise" in its title. I hope that Mr. Rosenthal (historian of Covent Garden and editor of *Opera* in London) and Mr. Warrack (music critic of the London *Sunday Telegraph*) now will prepare a garrulous and entirely unconcise encyclopedia of opera. One would turn to such a monster gratefully in search of obscure operas, forgotten singers, dates difficult to come by, curiosa. It would save us other writers on operatic subjects the laborious hours in periodical files and at the reading desks of uncomfortable libraries to which we now are condemned. We are a lazy lot, comfort-loving by nature.

Aspects of this book that earn special gratitude are the extensive cross-references under the names of countries and the entries for writers whose works have been mined for opera librettos. Best of all, however, this is not a cowardly, doggedly impersonal lexicon. It expresses opinions (see Callas, Maria, and Meyerbeer, Giacomo) when such "prejudices" can only be stimulating. The brief articles on operatic terminology are genuinely informative.

What a shame that careful proofreading did not spare us, as examples, "Dalila" for "Daila" (Donizetti, not Saint-Saëns), Gomez for Gomes, "*Guaraney*" for "*Guarany*," wrong alphabetization ("*Cardillac*" before Cardiff, Prévost before Previtali), Stingalt for Seingalt, Princes Street for Prince Street (New York), Verino for Vernio, Westchester for West Chester (Pennsylvania). We need not have had two different entries under "Basilio, Don," and "Don Basilio"; Balakirev surely should have been included in the "Mighty Handful"; the death of Rosa Raisa occurred on Saturday, September 28, 1963, not on September 29. One would like to quarrel with the remark that Berio di Salsa's libretto for Rossini's *Otello* (in which no handkerchief appears and Desdemona is stabbed) "follows Shakespeare fairly closely."

One's prevailing wish, however, is not to quibble but to cheer. Where else, in such neat and handy form among matters of greater weight, could one learn that the German soprano Gertrud Bindernagel, having sung the *Siegfried* Brünnhilde in Berlin, was shot by her husband as she left the theater? Or that of the six singing Heinefetter sisters—Maria, Sabine, Kathinka, Fatima, Eva, Nanette—at least two died insane? Or of the late Mado Robin that "she is said to have been able to reach the highest note ever emitted by a singer —c'''' [that is, the C three octaves above middle C]"? Encore, Messrs. Rosenthal and Warrack, encore! *Bis!*

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

Spring On The Railroad

By R. R. Cuscaden

LOOSENED by snow,
The ties leap up to be smelled.

The trees brush the rails
With their new branches.

One by one the trains come by.
There is nothing so young.

With no one to talk to,
I pocket all the loose spikes.

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A Cellist's View

Continued from page 48

I had died as a baby. After a while there was his terrible verdict again.

"Please, Maestro," I begged. "I will be a complete wreck." He was called to begin the concert and after the short overture he said to me in the wings just before we walked onstage, "We *are* no good, but the others are worse. Come on, *caro*, let's go."

(Incidentally, my ambition was to hear Maestro play the cello. On one of our crossings from Europe I finally succeeded in luring him to my cabin. My cello, with the pin out, waited for him. He sat on a chair but when I handed him the cello he said, "No—no pin—it's a modern invention." He pushed the pin back inside. I gave him the bow and he began tuning. "The A is too high; the G is too low," he grumbled. Fifteen minutes passed and he was still tuning. I hoped he would start playing. "*O bestia, stupido,* now the D is too high!" He continued tuning until it was time to go to lunch. I never heard him play the cello. I wonder who has.)

It's obvious that there are good and poor conductors, but it is not always easy for the public to tell one from the other. The conductor depends a great deal upon the good graces of society, the public, and the press. One expects from him functions far removed from the domain of music itself. He must be a charmer, a speaker, an organizer, and a bridge player. His own family life must be irreproachably pure, and at times a single mistake like poor concealment of pornographic material in his luggage, or introducing as his wife a lady who wasn't, has cost a prominent conductor his job.

Some people don't catch the "bug" of conducting. My own experience as a conductor, in spite of or because of its success, made me all the more faithful to my old, difficult cello. Playing recitals in Denver, I was asked to conduct the local orchestra. I was told that it would be of help to the orchestra's fund drive. Explaining that there is no shortage of conductors, I declined the invitation. There were repeated telephone calls asking me to reconsider, and my manager, Arthur Judson, strongly advised me to conduct. One day, still firm but embarrassed by their insistence, I asked my doctor, who was an amateur musician, for advice. Hesitant to voice his opinion, he finally said, "By all means, you should accept. You never do any exercise. It's good for your health." I accepted.

Eugene Ormandy helped me select the program and volunteered to show me some of his technique.

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on behalf of the fund drive were scheduled for me. At the rehearsals I tried to follow the example of Arthur Nikisch, who knew human frailty and who, as a guest conductor, would not face an orchestra without knowing at least some of the musicians' names. Simple words like "Mr. Oberstreicher" or "Mr. Schmidt" accomplished wonders.

Finally the night of the concert arrived. Half dead from rehearsals and speechmaking, I went to the hall in my full dress. Usually very nervous before a concert, I was surprisingly tranquil. I was on good terms with the orchestra, and I knew that they would do their best. Carefully attending to my cuffs, which I thought should be visible, I walked on the stage, ready to start with the *Euryanthe* Overture, by Weber. The concertmaster whispered, *"The Star-Spangled Banner."* I had not rehearsed it, and somewhat bewildered, I gave a sign to the drummer and let him go on for an unreasonably long time. Majestically I raised my hand for a crescendo, and only when it reached its peak did I recall the national anthem. The capacity audience sang and the sound of the orchestra was impressive. The performance of the *Euryanthe* Overture that followed drew enthusiastic applause.

Next on the program was the Haydn Cello Concerto. I faced my instrument in the backstage room almost in confusion, as if it were a piece of furniture I had never seen before. I frantically ran over the passages I had played all my life. Although the concerto went very well, its impact seemed pale in comparison to the reception of my conducting during the entire program.

The little baton had had such an easy victory over my Stradivari. But it felt more bitter than sweet, and when offers for guest conducting began to come in from all over the country, I swore never to touch the baton again. I never did, and so my concert in Denver has the distinction of being my first and last as a conductor.

A New Song

Continued from page 50

composer, has written a Motet for Christmas Day that turns out to be a fortunate fusion of procedures both ancient and modern.

While the foregoing works are all short and unpretentious, two which follow are conceived in broader terms. Ellis Kohs has written a Motet for Double Mixed Chorus and soloists that is a setting of the Twenty-third Psalm. It is far more elaborate than the preceding pieces and has all those virtues that make some music impressive and important, this for solemn occasions. Impressive, too, is Jacob Avshalomov's *Prophet*, a work that was composed in 1948 for New York's Park Avenue Synagogue. It is a skilful setting of a text drawn from the eleventh and twelfth chapters of *Isaiah*. Both of these latter works have a special kind of biblical grandeur.

THE Whikehart Chorale, an ensemble of twenty-five young singer-musicians, was organized by Lewis E. Whikehart at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1963. Their choice of music has been limited to that of two contemporary old masters. Randall Thompson's *The Peaceable Kingdom* was composed in 1936 before such composers as Charles Wuorinen and his young colleagues were born. The work has an enduring beauty and is in fact one of the finest and most beautifully constructed pieces that Randall Thompson has written. The companion piece is Aaron Copland's *In the Beginning* and, while it may not be included among his most notable works, it is pure Copland and could not have been written by anyone else. It is based on the *Seven Days of Creation*, as found in *Genesis*, and was written for the Harvard Symposium on Music Criticism in 1947. Both of these works have been previously recorded on the Music Library Series, but the current recording is preferable.

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The New Musicals

SEVERAL of the most talked-about attractions currently prominent on Broadway are in the "musical" category, as may be also observed from the record listings of additions to the "original cast" category. But the music and song of these recorded shows are, in the main, coloration for the drama and not moving in their own right. In the liners for the Capitol recordings one cannot even find a program of the items included on the discs. This may perhaps be attributed to the preparation of the copy while the show is trying out and the final contents are still undetermined, but the omission is destructive to listening enjoyment. Too often, also, these "original cast" albums are limited to selections from the score, with no bridge music, dialogue underscoring, dance music, etc. (Imagine a recording of *On Your Toes* without "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue".)

Nevertheless, Sammy Davis's vehicle *Golden Boy* makes an exciting album. The Charles Strouse score is read by some of the most accomplished players in two generations of popular music. With Ronald Jones Jr., on trumpet, Benny Powell on trombone, saxophonist Frank Wess, bassist Aaron Bell, and Jimmy Crawford on drums, you have the uninterrupted pleasure of matchless professionalism at work. The orchestrations of Ralph Burns are heavy with sound, which may be his reaction to leaving the Strouse score bare. Billy Daniels adds much in artistry with "While the City Sleeps," but it is Davis who proves himself the Renaissance man of the variety world. The mastering could be better, and the voices are sometimes covered by the instrumental sound.

A musical set in the eighteenth century, as is *Ben Franklin in Paris*, suffers from the lack of a built-in contagious musical idiom. Mark Sandrich Jr., has not come up with anything to make up for that lack. Robert Preston's fine, articulate voice is the best sound on this record. He is a forceful actor, and the conviction in his speech and song is astounding. Ulla Sallert, Franklin's female interest in the show, is a Scandinavian operetta star who does not easily fit the style of the American musical. Her diction on record is poor, her voice far too legitimate for its current job.

When orchestrator Philip J. Lang does get one solid piece of material, the song "I Invented Myself," the pit setting is beautiful. Generally the tunes are thin and cannot be sounded satisfactorily in the orchestra. Sidney Michaels's lyrics are left inaudible by all except Preston.

HARNICK and Bock, lyricist and composer respectively of *Fiddler on the Roof* (RCA Victor), are the most unoriginal successful creators represented at this listening. The score is not derivative, but generic. They have vulgarized sacred liturgy with the song "Sabbath Prayer," but I am sure God will continue to protect Zero Mostel. Here is a perfect example of the integrated musical: a developed story line fitted to an overpowering non-singing actor-singer. The songs cradle the action but are not part of it. There are few transitional songs. Choral singing is essential to the movement and Milton Greene has done a remarkable job in this department. The voices are clear and the unison singing is unfrayed and distinct. Mostel, like Preston, lashes the bits together with his powerful presence. He is in nine of the twelve numbers on this disc.

Fiddler has the advantage, in this recorded form, of dialogue enclosures that give an extra feeling of continuity to the presentation and release the listener from the troublesome task of following the overwritten blow-by-blow treatment of the libretto that adorns the jacket. It is also the best-sounding cast album in the lot.

Bajour is unquestionably the most unsatisfactory item in this group of discs. Composer-lyricist Walter Marks is responsible for a nondescript work that has not inspired any of his co-workers. Arranger Mort Lindsay may have thought that nothing could help this Gypsy romp. His use of traditional violin, tambourine, etc., adds up to very little.

There are few movements in the album where we are touched, moved, enchanted, or shaken. Aside from some conventional Gypsy phrases, there is little that can be described as a melodic line, nor are the lyrics distinguished. All of this is particularly unpleasant when the cast includes the very capable Nancy Dussault.

In a compensating way, one of the virtues arising from record companies investing in musical theater is that many off-Broadway musicals, passed over in

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recent years, are now recorded. Columbia's new release *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* is such an off-Broadway property. *Mitty* has already gained the collective plaudits of the press and continues to attract business. The record is a jewel and this release is a sound commercial move rather than merely a sentimental gesture.

Evidence of inventiveness in all the arts of musical theatre is present on this record. The music of Leon Carr and the lyrics of Earl Shuman are perfectly suited for the classic Thurber tale. Humor, pathos, and melodrama are professionally constructed in each song and musical interlude. Numbers that obviously depend on staging are as striking on this record as they must be in the theater. "Walking with Penninnah" is the artistic combination that standard popular songs are made from. Cathryn Damon, whose considerable talents may soon grace some uptown stage, enhances her portions of the score with excitement, meaning, and attractive full-voice singing. With the few instrumental voices available to him, Ray Ellis has painted credible settings for all the music on this disc. Conductor Joe Stecko has no difficulty defining tempi at every move. All of this competence results in a most entertaining record that should be considered a full-blown original cast album and not some off-Broadway oddity.

Current trends in musicals may eventually contribute artistic growth to the form. Translating this to record may be difficult. The absence of the theater-music masters who state situation, action, locale, and character in well-constructed music is all too plain in these recordings. We feel, also, that the idea of organic demi-opera heard here could not employ the vast, crackling lyric-writing talents of a Hammerstein, La Touche, Gershwin, Harburg, or Hart. And with the emphasis on story, the knowledgeable musical arrangements with a dramatic vocabulary of a Robert Russell Bennett, Jimmy Mundy, Alan Small, or Robert Farnom would be extravagance to the point of crime. The original-cast albums currently considered here can hardly be considered in terms of the best of the past. —ARNOLD FALLEDER.

Bajour (Columbia) KOL 6300, $4.98; stereo KOS 2700, $5.98.
Ben Franklin in Paris (Capitol) VAS 2191, $5.98; stereo SVAS 2191, $6.98.
Fiddler on the Roof (RCA Victor) LOC 1093, $4.98; stereo LSO 1093, $5.98.
Golden Boy (Capitol) VAS 2124, $5.98; stereo SVAS 2124, $6.98.
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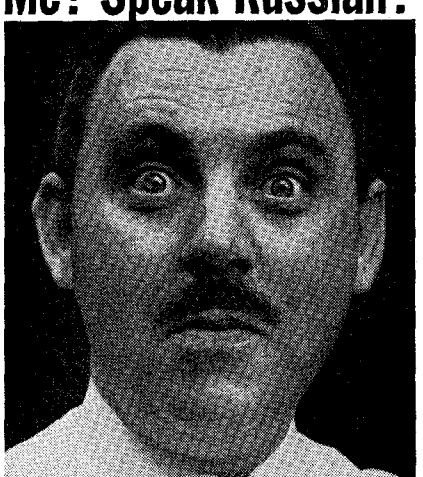

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Sutherland and Handel

HERBERT WEINSTOCK'S REVIEW of the Westminster Handel *Rodelinda* [*SR*, Dec. 26] may give the impression that the London highlights from *Giulio Cesare* are from a complete recording with Joan Sutherland. This is very regrettably not the case. A complete set of *Giulio Cesare* should certainly be issued with Joan Sutherland, and preferably Russell Oberlin, the ranking "helden"-countertenor, as Cesare. This casting would enable the role (written for a castrato) to be sung in its original range. . . .

Perhaps the cool performance of the Westminster *Rodelinda* which Mr. Weinstock cites may actually be closer to Handel's ideal performance, since a heavily dramatic style is probably more of a post-romantic nineteenth-century phenomenon. In any event, is not a classic, *opera-seria* style approach equally valid for Handel opera . . . ?

Incidentally, the London highlights from *Giulio Cesare*, when "combined" with the earlier selection on Deutsche Grammophon with Seefried and Fischer-Dieskau, give almost all the major arias of the opera, except Cesare's famous recitative, "Alma del gran Pompeo."

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

UDisc Aid

I AM WORKING on a book about the UDisc series, the records made for U.S. Armed Forces overseas, between 1943 and 1949, by the Army Special Services Division; it is hoped that the book will be published sometime in 1965. I would appreciate hearing from any of your readers who may have information on personnel, recording dates, matrix numbers, test pressings, and unreleased material. Please contact Richard S. Sears, Apartado Aereo 14510, Bogota, Colombia.

RICHARD S. SEARS.

Bogota, Colombia

Met Tapes

ON OCCASIONS I have noted letters to you concerning tapes of Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. I am especially interested in obtaining tapings of *Alcestis*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana* as sung by Eileen Farrell. Do you have any information concerning where I might find anyone who has taped these broadcasts and would be willing to lend them to me so I can "copy" them? Any information would be gratefully received.

J. P. WALSH.

Waterbury, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such information is, of necessity, restricted to informal, personal contacts, due to the legal restrictions on the sale or marketing of such tapes.*

Tape Speeds in ips

IN IRVING KOLODIN'S piece on Pre-Recorded Tape at 3¾ ips we note reference to the higher speed of tape and his Tandberg machine as "seven and *a quarter*" and, in two other references, "7½ ips."

We're certain that Mr. Kolodin is fussy about his playbacks and that his Tandberg *does*, in fact, transport his tapes at seven and *one-half* ips, and that it is the compositor and proofreader who must be brought up to specified speed.

RICHARD S. LEVY,
President,
Seneca Audio-Visual Corp.

Buffalo, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor points out that 33⅓ rpm records are commonly referred to as 33 rpm, and he has thus become accustomed to approximate speeds. Fractionally or otherwise, the blame is all his.*

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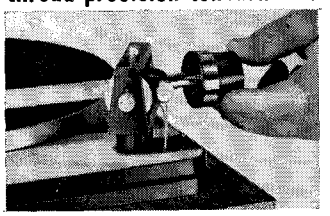

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Anti-Specialist

Continued from page 18

Who Spread its Canopy? Or
Curtains Spun?
Who in this Bowling Alley bowld
the Sun?

...

Who? who did this? or who is he?
Why, know
It's Onely Might Almighty this did
doe.

It's interesting that Edward Taylor should have made Infinity, that great abstraction, the protagonist of his poem —even though he refers to it as "he"— and his expression, "It's Onely Might Almighty this did doe,—*i.e.*, Energy— sounds like an intuition prefiguring a finding of modern science rather than reflecting (as he no doubt consciously intended) a God-centered metaphysics of the seventeenth century.

The poet's universe had better be centered within the present; it had better not install itself (and stall itself) in anachronisms either conceptual or expressionistic. Because the poet, I believe, should be in the vanguard of his time. He can, in his unique way, be a synthesizer and synchronizer of the many components and elements of a great new pattern emergent in the investigations of biologists, psychologists, anthropologists, astronomers, physicists, *et al.* The poet's material has always been nature—human and otherwise—all objects and aspects of our outer environment as well as the "climate of the soul" and the "theatre of the emotions." The poet is the great anti-specialist. Still possible in our overorganized, compartmentalized culture, and still needed, is the work and the play of the artist. As a free-floating agent, medium and conduit—a kind of "divining rod"—he may pass anywhere—over, into, around or through the multifold fabric of experience and present the results of his singular discoveries and delights to fellow searchers, fellow beholders.

The play of the artist is psychologically very important. As the philosopher Huizinga has written in *Homo Ludens:* ". . . in acknowledging play you acknowledge mind, for whatever else play is, it is not matter. Even in the animal world it bursts the bounds of the physically existent. From the point of view of a world wholly determined by the operation of blind forces, play would be altogether superfluous. Play only becomes possible, thinkable and understandable when an influx of mind breaks down the absolute determinism of the cosmos."

I said earlier that a point of contiguity between the poet and the scientist is that both employ language to communicate what they find. At this point there is also a crucial departure, for language is not only a tool in poetry, it is its very being. In a poem, Subject is not presented by means of language but Language is the thing presented with the aid of subject. Being merely instrumental, a scientific exposition can be restated in various ways without a loss of end effect; when new facts render its message obsolete, such expositions are replaced and forgotten. But tamper with, or reconstruct, the tissue of a poem and you deal death to its cells and molecules. The poet reaches for a vision of reality that is whole, seamless, and undivided; if he succeeds in that, his product need not suffer obsolescence. True art combines the properties of change and endurance.

What is it in poetry, beyond subject, beyond what is being said, that is given? The management of language for the poem must be such as to capture and fix the essence of the immediate experience —the sensation, illumination, extra dimension—that the poet felt when the impulse for the poem (the emotion or psychic mental discovery that engendered it) fell upon him. It must be such that the receiver of the poem recapitulates, as it were physically, the same illumination because it relates to or fuses with a vision within himself, dormant and dark until the moment the beam of the poem strikes into him. In the handling of his material, which is language, metaphor is to the poet what the equation is to the mathematician.

In one of his essays on art, published as long ago as 1919, Ezra Pound said:

> We might come to believe that the thing that matters in art is a sort of energy, something more or less like electricity or radioactivity, a force transfusing, welding, and unifying . . . The thing that counts is Good Writing. And good writing is perfect control. It is quite easy to control a thing that has in it no energy—provided that it be not too heavy and that you do not wish to make it *move* . . .

Discussing the origins of language, Pound said:

> The whole thing is an evolution. In the beginning simple words were enough: Food; water; fire. Both prose and poetry are but an extension of language. Man desires to communicate with his fellows. And he desires an ever increasingly complicated communication. Gesture serves up to a point. Symbols may serve. But when you desire something not present to the eye or when you desire to communicate ideas, you must have recourse to speech. Gradually you wish to communicate something less bare and ambiguous than *ideas.* You wish to communicate an idea *and* its modifications, an idea *and* a crowd of its effects, atmospheres, contradictions . . .
> Words and their sense must be such as fit the emotion. Or, from the other side, ideas, or fragments of ideas, the emotion *and* concomitant emotions, must be in harmony, they must form an organism . . .
> Poetry is a centaur. The thinking, word-arranging, clarifying faculty must move and leap with the energizing, sentient, musical faculties.

At one time, wishing to clarify to myself the distinction between poetry and other modes of expression, I put down these notes:

Poetry doesn't tell; it shows. Prose tells.
Poetry is not philosophy; poetry makes things be, right now.
Not an idea, but a happening.
It is not music, but it sounds while showing.
It is mobile; it is a thing taking place — active, interactive, in a place.
It is not thought; it has to do with senses and muscles.
It is not dancing, but it moves while it remains.

. . . And it is not science. But the experience of poetry is animated with the insatiable curiosity of science. The universe, inside and out, is properly its laboratory. More plain than ever before is the potent fact that we are human particles in a culture of living change. We must either master the Great Whirl or become victims of it. Science is unavoidably reshaping our environment, and in the future will influence prominently the next development of individual man and his species. Art, more intimately, deals with, and forms, the emotional and spiritual climate of our experience. Poetry can help man stay human.

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Tiny Alice

Continued from page 39

to be able to become deeply concerned with Julian's predicament. If it cannot, something is wrong." He denies the allegation, however, that his play attacks the Church, insisting that he sees as evil only the uses to which people put things and the power structure. And he also denies that he tries to create "shocking" plays. He is seconded in this denial by Mr. Schneider, who argues that the use of such conventionally taboo words as "ejaculation" in the theater are infinitely less shocking than is, for instance, the distorted unnatural representation of life in the slick magazines."

Mr. Albee seems more hurt than angry when he explains, "I've never put anything in a play in order to shock the audience. I try to write only those things that *these* characters would say at *this* time. I don't concern myself with the audience's reaction. However, if people are taken out of their concentration on the action by shock it is unfortunate."

On the other hand, the playwright wishes the audience would come to *Tiny Alice* with fewer preconceptions, to experience the play as we experience music. "If you are not a trained musician," he says, "you intuit the structure of the piece by osmosis." Thus, as an author, he is most concerned with construction and with getting the play's musical rhythms right, and he is convinced that if he does this honestly and well, people will respond to the play even if they are confused about it or dislike what they think it says. "What matters is not whether the play coincides with how a critic thinks it should be written, or what a critic thinks of what it says," argues Mr. Albee. "What a critic should tell his reader is how effectively he thinks the play has said whatever it chooses to say."

As I closed my notebook, I wondered if Mr. Albee would have been pleased if someone had called *Tiny Alice* "a play that unfolds with great skill, whatever the hell it is choosing to say."

—Henry Hewes.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1608

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Achilles's infant experience with the River Styx; had read here and there in a book (2 wds.).	185 18 171 41 145 56 60 205 94 116
B. Keats's haggard and woe-begone hero who had "met a lady in the meads" (comp.).	98 46 80 155 115 147 3 125 172 59 67 195
C. Large receptacles to hold water for bathing.	119 96 17 148 53 38 74 143 170
D. Bring to pass.	118 90 182 103 108 19 152 52 23 187
E. Seen from above, a quick, embracing glance (2 wds. and comp.).	126 27 87 57 174 50 186 42 144 75 181 64
F. Important continuing matter of U.S. history, in which "Nullification" once played a lively part (2 wds.).	114 109 183 188 209 30 153 65 62 7 4 165
G. Day of the month when most bills are paid (2 wds.).	71 193 192 137 68 100 26 162
H. Title given to works of Plotinus by his pupil Porphyry who published them.	198 184 129 139 91 11 20
I. One of the things G. K. Chesterton denied doing while "they" spoke of "Light and Mrs. Humphry Ward" (2 wds.; *Ballade of An Anti-Puritan*).	9 154 51 21 177 72 167 36
J. Folk tale.	140 88 15 47 28 73
K. "Carrying water on both shoulders" in connection with political questions (Australian slang; comp.).	35 142 6 203 37 120 49 76
L. Whither re-enforcements and replacements were hurried up during both World Wars (3 wds.).	79 190 133 83 202 85 208 157 25 95
M. Personification of the evening star (Roman relig.).	138 149 63 105 164 117 207 176
N. Set free from some obligation.	58 131 146 77 34 13 24 101
O. The ordinary cursive Arabic script, used in scientific and religious books.	92 178 141 10 2 132
P. Final revelation or occurrence which clarifies the outcome of a plot.	210 168 29 31 124 135 66 175 39 82
Q. Followed by WORD R, deliberate intention to commit a wrong.	111 113 32 128 97 40
R. See WORD Q.	48 158 89 169 196 22 122 14 160 130 102 1
S. Absurdity.	189 45 136 112 127 81 70 12
T. Utter as by brief and sudden impulse.	201 206 93 150 86 104 99 134 16
U. Large pelagic fish often called the tunny.	194 179 200 5 161 123 43 84
V. In Shakespeare's *Tempest*, the drunken jester in the train of the King of Naples.	121 69 110 191 166 78 54 151
W. Subversive.	156 106 55 163 159 204 197 33
X. Human foodstuff beloved by catbirds.	199 8 180 44 107 61 173

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 R	2 O	3 B	4 F		5 U		6 K	7 F	8 X	9 I	10 O		11 H	12 S	13 N	14 R
15 J	16 T	17 C		18 A	19 D	20 H		21 I	22 R	23 D	24 N	25 L	26 G	27 E	28 J	29 P
	30 F	31 P	32 Q	33 W	34 N	35 K		36 I	37 K		38 C	39 P	40 Q		41 A	42 E
43 U	44 X	45 S	46 B		47 J	48 R	49 K		50 E	51 I	52 D	53 C	54 V	55 W	56 A	
57 E	58 N	59 B	60 A	61 X	62 F		63 M	64 E	65 F	66 P	67 B	68 G	69 V	70 S		71 G
72 I		73 J	74 C	75 E	76 K		77 N	78 V	79 L		80 B	81 S		82 P	83 L	84 U
	85 L	86 T	87 E	88 J		89 R	90 D		91 H	92 O		93 T	94 A	95 L	96 C	97 Q
98 B		99 T	100 G	101 N		102 R	103 D	104 T	105 M		106 W	107 X	108 D	109 F	110 V	111 Q
112 S		113 Q	114 F	115 B	116 A	117 M	118 D		119 C	120 K	121 V	122 R	123 U	124 P	125 B	
126 E	127 S	128 Q	129 H	130 R		131 N	132 O	133 L	134 T	135 P	136 S		137 G	138 M	139 H	140 J
141 O	142 K	143 C	144 E	145 A	146 N		147 B	148 C	149 M		150 T	151 V	152 D	153 F	154 I	155 B
156 W		157 L	158 R		159 W	160 R	161 U	162 G		163 W	164 M	165 F	166 V	167 I	168 P	169 R
170 C		171 A	172 B	173 X	174 E	175 P	176 M		177 I	178 O	179 U	180 X	181 E	182 D		183 F
184 H	185 A		186 E	187 D	188 F		189 S	190 L	191 V	192 G		193 G	194 U	195 B		196 R
197 W	198 H	199 X		200 U	201 T	202 L	203 K		204 W	205 A	206 T	207 M	208 L	209 F	210 P	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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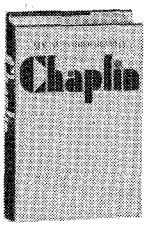

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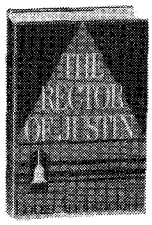

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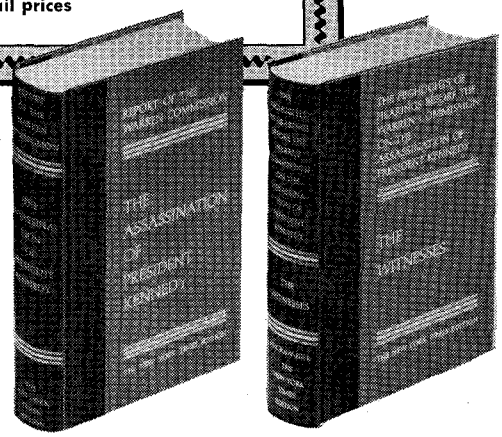

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